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AUTUMN SPECIAL

No. 8 CAN. \$3.25 U.K. £1.00

INTERNATIONAL
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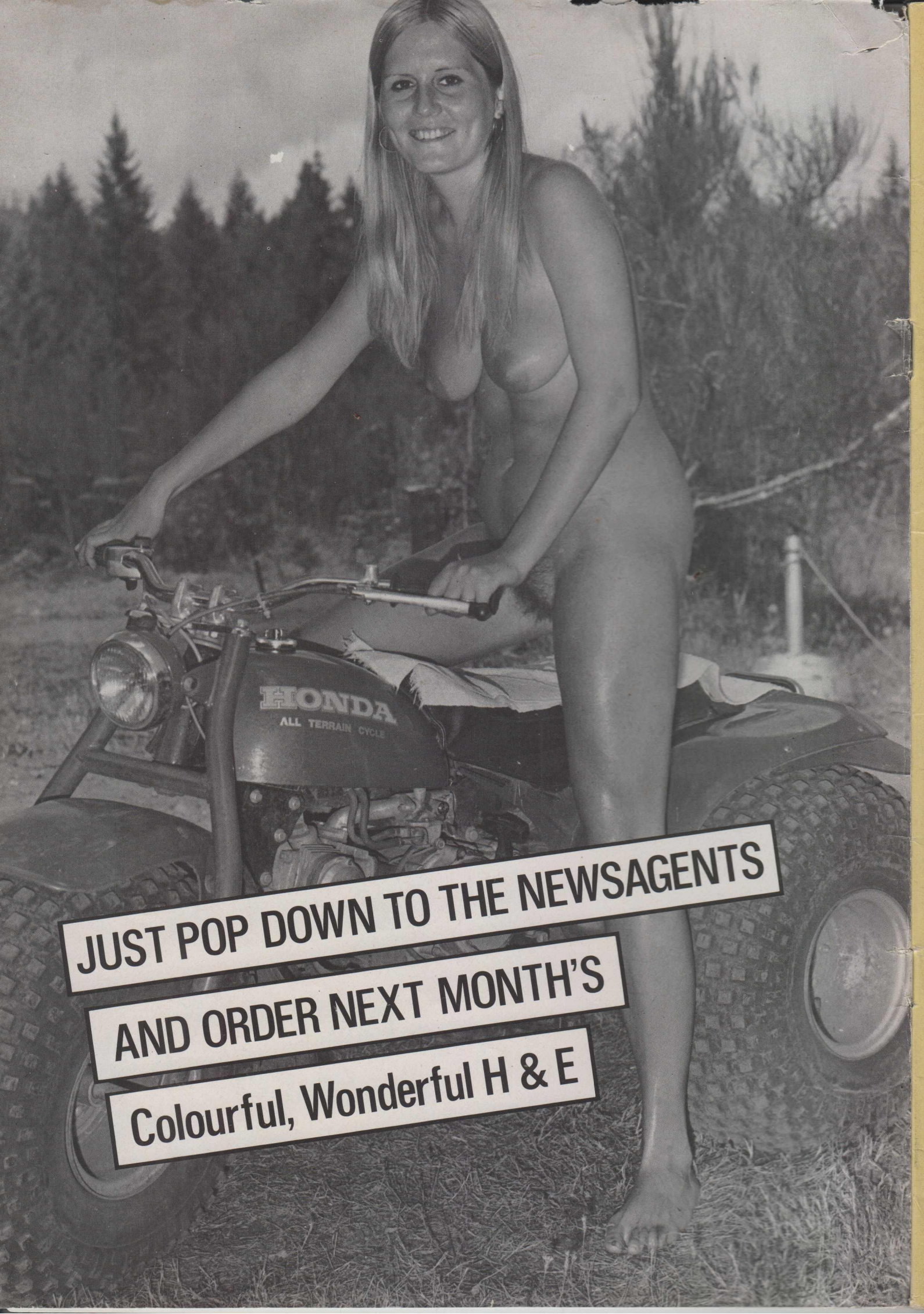
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We publish news, views and reflections on the nudist scene. We look beyond the clubs to the evolving world where social nudity on the beaches and in our homes is affecting our modes, mores and morals. All are grist to our mill.

We believe in the cause of social nakedness and as such consider it our duty to promote its acceptance universally. Our propaganda both by word and picture is designed for total honesty of expression but at all times within the bounds of propriety. This magazine is entirely independent. The views expressed in literary contributions are not necessarily those of the Editor.

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Published by Peenhill Ltd., Payne House, 23/24 Smithfield Street, London, EC1.

Design and Editorial Production by Peenhill Ltd., Payne House, 23/24 Smithfield Street, London, EC1

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OUR SUPER HOLIDAY GUIDE

Our free, centre pull-out supplements appearing in these holiday H.&E. Quarterlies have never been bettered. We strongly recommend you to collect these because they will eventually form a comprehensive guide to the nudist holiday resorts, clubs and free beaches of Europe. Put them together and you will have an unrivalled source of information. Eventually, for those unfortunate enough to miss out, we hope to publish a book of these regular supplements. But now you have it free simply by collecting

every issue. Better still—take out a subscription and be sure!

All this is additional to the variety of holiday features we always publish. Our reports and photos are from people who actually visit the resorts. Two of our staff are actively engaged every summer in visiting, reporting and photographing. In addition we can rely on reports from our regular correspondents in England, France, U.S.A., Germany and Scandinavia as well as the rest of the world.

HAPPINESS IS TRANSIT SHAPED

More and more naturists are taking to the roads every summer with their caravans and motor-homes. But which vehicle is the best, what are the latest models like, how suited are they to naturist holidays? We intend to bring you reports from time to time. The way you travel can affect your whole holiday happiness. Here Susan Mayfield reports on the latest motor caravan to emerge from the Ford Motor Company stable.

FORD manufacture a whole series of Transit-based motor caravans. The one I drove was the latest model—a Holdsworth Hi-flyer. It appears just like an ordinary transit van, and is no wider than one, but has a high fibreglass roof, that enables you to sleep over the cab.

More naturists are taking to caravanning instead of camping. What are the advantages of one vehicle, which you can sleep in, over a car hauling a caravan?

Caravans are a nuisance on the roads. They sway from side to side on motorways and clog up the traffic in cities. They are clumsy on narrow roads. A motorhome the size of a transit

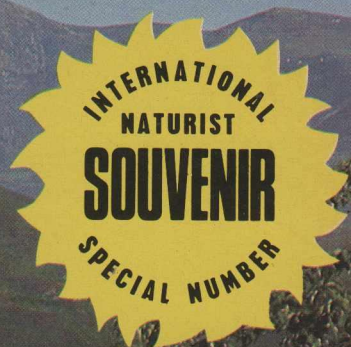
van is nimble enough for the roughest road, yet fast enough for motorways.

Caravan enthusiasts claim that if you have a motorhome you need a car as well. I don't see why. The Ford Transit is only a couple of inches wider than the average car, it's nifty enough to go to work in, or run the kids to school in. (They love it. You can get about twelve of them in!)

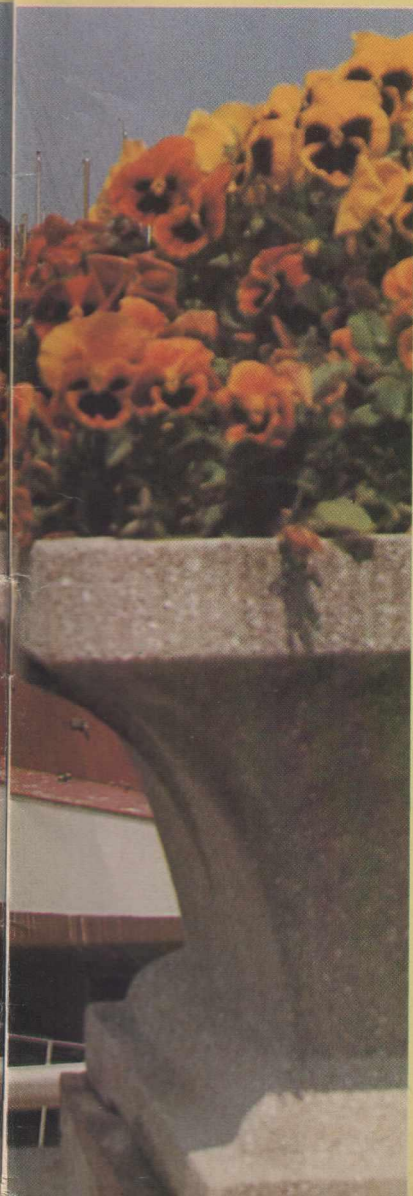
A motor caravan costs less to buy than a caravan and car. The Ford Transit is cheaper to run than many cars, especially those big enough to haul a caravan. If you intend travelling abroad a lot, the ferry fares are



Cosmopolitan Geneva in the spring.



Early morning at Le Ventous. The mountain is called Pic du Canigou.



cheaper for one vehicle, especially when charged by the metre length.

I must admit that you've got to have an absolutely reliable engine in a motor caravan and the vehicle must be well-maintained for the sake of road safety. Ford vans are robust, there are agents all over Europe, spares are available and reasonably priced. It helps to under-seal immediately if bought from new. In my experience, a properly driven and maintained engine will last indefinitely, but bodywork needs to be preserved and can cost more than the value of the vehicle to fix later on.

If you intend to stay for a long time on one camping site, it can be inconvenient to pack up everything in the van just for a brief sight-seeing trip. You have to take a little tent with you, to pitch on your plot while you're away.

If you fall upon hard times when you own a motor-home, you can let it out to friends at a substantial profit. Folk are paying £100 per week to hire these vehicles at present. If you fall upon *really* hard times, you've always got a second home to live in! If the police bother you for parking, you just jump in the driving seat and zoom off!

The domestic design of the Hi-flyer is superb, the fabrics



Cooker and sink are neatly covered on the left, fridge and wardrobe on the right.

Vineyards by Espolla village, northern Spain.



and woods being high-quality. One cupboard door kept flying open, but they supply you with extra clips. The double bed over the cab was most convenient, as it can be left made-up all the time. You don't have to keep stowing away the bedding.

Superb design

Behind the front seats are two passenger seats that can face forward, or be laid into bench seats along the side of the van, with the table in-between them. Drop the table and you've got another double bed. Alternatively, you can lay the two front seats flat, and with the bench seats, make two single beds.

Behind the passenger seats is a large cupboard, for use as either a wardrobe or a loo—you have to fit your own portable. Next to that is the fridge. It runs off either calor gas, the van's batteries, or your site's electricity, and has cupboards over it. Opposite the wardrobe and fridge is the cooker and basin, with cupboards under and over for all your food and utensils.

The water is pumped electrically from a container under one of the passenger seats. When in the bench-seat position, there is ample storage under the seats for blankets and sleeping bags. There are also cupboards in the back doors



The children's pony at La Fertille, near Paris. Below: Llansa, Spain.

and a roomy pocket map in the driver's door. The front passenger gets a large glove compartment.

Headroom in the vehicle is 6' 3". I am 5' 2" and Other Half a foot taller, but it was yours truly who was always banging her head! You have to remember to duck when moving from the back of the vehicle to the driver's seat and if you sleep over the cab, it doesn't do to sit up in bed too quickly either!

You can choose your own engine specification. The particular Hi-flyer I had was fitted

with a 2.4 litre diesel. Pulling power, rather than acceleration, was its strong point. The standard objection to the high revs at top speed was overcome by fitting an overdrive on the gears.

This is a marvellous device! When going along in traffic, when third gear is too noisy but your speed too slow for top gear, you just push the overdrive button on the gear lever and coast smoothly along. When driving on the motorway, overdrive in top gear can save you pounds in fuel, as well as

giving you a quieter ride. But I did find that you have to change back to ordinary top gear to maintain the speed on even a slight gradient.

If you leave the overdrive on accidentally, the engine will labour but never stall. I mostly used the overdrive in third, on mountain roads. The bends and hills meant you could seldom cruise in top, but in third overdrive you floated magnificently along. Although you don't need to, I find it better to use the clutch when changing from overdrive to ordinary gear, to



prevent the little jerk you got otherwise.

Did anything go wrong with the engine? One day the temperature gauge went right over to very hot—and stayed there! Was there a leak in the radiator, the thermostat or even a faulty gauge needle? We tried everything but couldn't trace the fault. After the engine had cooled down, I kept the needle off the red by creeping along at 40 m.p.h., but it was all rather worrying. The next day the temperature was back to normal and remained so. We never found out what was wrong!

Pulling power

The Hi-flyer had only done 3,000 miles before I got my hands on it, and running in is not supposed to be so important with diesels. On my first drive, the top speed, downhill on a motorway, was only 67 m.p.h. However, 15 days and 2,700 miles later, I found the needle touching 77! I don't think anyone need worry about the Hi-flyer being a slow motor. And unlike a towed caravan, you are not limited to 50 m.p.h. and can go in the fast lane.

Diesel engines have a reputation for being difficult to start. However, this one has a light on the dash. After turning on the ignition, you wait until the light goes out before starting the engine. Starting instructions, which sound far more complicated than they are, are printed in six languages behind the driver's sun-visor.

In the old days motor caravans gave you a starting handle in case the battery got tired. This vehicle has got two batteries, so you need never worry about leaving the interior lights on for too long. There are four of them, quite bright enough to read by.

I've always liked driving vans—it's great to be that bit higher than usual and you get a better view of the road. It was terrific to start up the Hi-flyer and hear the quiet, familiar tick-tick of the diesel engine.

The van handled neatly and well. Large mirrors and windows all round give you excellent views. I could see either wing quite clearly and had no difficulty estimating the width of roads or gaps in the traffic. Apparently, women find it particularly hard to judge where their vehicle ends and space begins—this is my biggest worry when driving a car. I found this handsome, square van much easier in that respect.



Above: La Grande Cosse, nr. Bezier. Below: It's simple to stop beside French roads.



Below: We parked by the pool at La Tuque, near Cahors.



We swept across the champagne country of northern France.

The van has a clock, a good radio, an efficient and rapid heater. Most controls are well-displayed. But I did not like the Christmas-tree-like arrangement of controls around the steering column.

The indicators are on the left, instead of the right. Nearly every time I went to change gear I knocked the indicators on by accident and one can't change gear and indicate at the same time, which is a nuisance, as I always change down when approaching a corner. And because the full-beam control for the lights is on the same lever, I kept flashing when I wanted to indicate and indicating when I wanted to flash! I don't know why the full-beam control isn't on the same lever as the sidelights and dipped lights switch on the right-hand side of the column. Also on the right was the windscreen wipers (fast, slow, or intermittent) and the windscreen washers.

It took me about two days to get used to these controls, but after that, I felt as though I'd been driving the Hi-flyer all my life.

I drove 2,700 miles. I went across the Channel on the ferry and up over 6,000 feet in the Pyrenees and Switzerland. I went on motorways, country roads and narrow mountain tracks. I drove onto a Mediterranean beach and got bogged down in the mud at

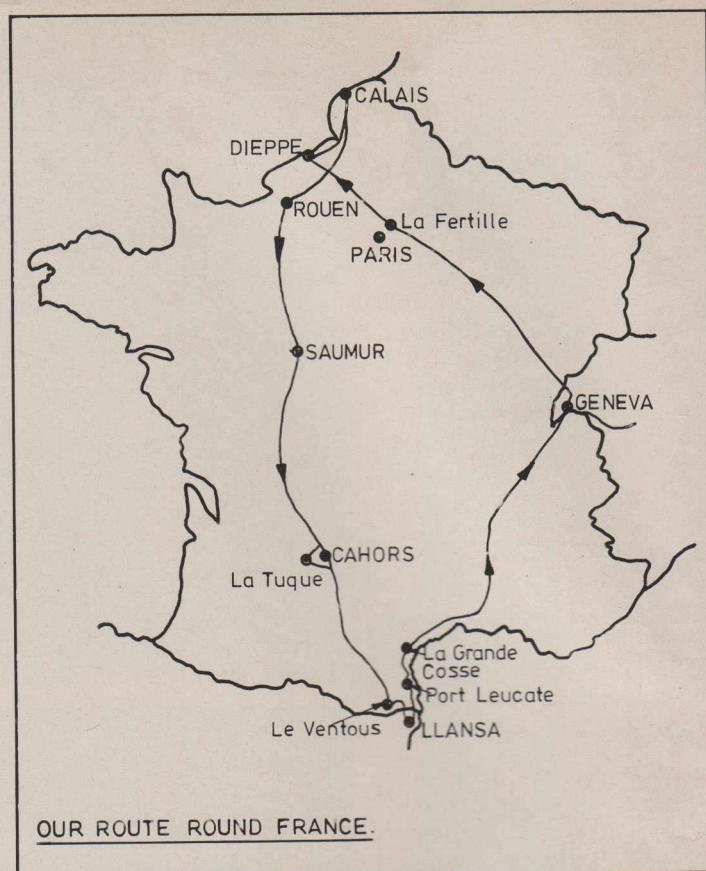
La Tuque. (Going forward, I would have used second gear, as the wheels spin less; but here I was reversing out, and reverse gear is very low.) I drove through Boulogne in the rush hour and spent hours in Rouen, wending my way through the crowds at the annual fair. I drove in the heat of the day and right through the night.

What makes the Hi-flyer good for a naturist holiday? Mainly—it gets everywhere that a car will, and even some places that a car won't. We often parked for the night behind trees, on rough ground where many people would have hesitated to take their cars.

It's convenient if a site or resort is full up. You can park in the site's car-park, or even on the road outside, and make visits every day. We never had any parking difficulty at all in France, but we did go early in the season and we did keep away from the more commercialised holiday areas.

I like to 'get away from it all'. It was good to open the doors of the Hi-flyer first thing in the morning and see nothing but mountains, fields and sunshine. As for evening entertainment, with a bottle of wine, music on the radio and each other, what more do you need?

The seats in the Hi-flyer are all cloth-covered. Leatherette seats are yukky when you're nude! The vehicle was warm



OUR ROUTE ROUND FRANCE.

at night. Although we parked in pouring rain on occasions, the condensation was very slight as the van is well insulated.

Where did we go? South from Calais and down to Le Mans. We'd been held-up at Rouen, so parked for the night on the Angers road. The next two nights were spent at La Tuque naturist camping near Cahors. This site wins my award for being the friendliest naturist site ever, and also the cheapest—they charge only Fr.8.50 a night, for two adults

and a caravan.

Then it was down to the mysterious Rennes-le-Chateau, near Limoux. We parked for the night here, 3,000 feet up in the thunderstorm! The Hi-flyer only swayed a little bit!

Hooting loudly

After that I drove along some of the wildest mountain roads ever. Limestone gorges had the road clinging to the mountain above crevasses hundreds of feet deep. I must here express my admiration for French drivers. They never hesitated, although their wheels were millimetres from the cliff's edge! They swept past with a cheery wave. For kilometre after kilometre, I never got above second gear, as the narrow road wound up and up and I hooted loudly at every bend!

We were heading for Le Ventous in the Pyrenees. The track to the site is untarmaced and worn in places into deep ruts. It was just wide enough and overhanging branches scraped the roof of the Hi-flyer. Other Half kept saying; 'You've dragged me to some places but this beats the lot!' I was in first gear all the way up. Luckily we never met anything either going up or coming down three days later.

Le Ventous is beautiful. Caravans are parked there but I'm not sure how the French get them up!

Then it was a brief detour



Sun-bathing by the river at Le Ventous.



The Hi-flyer reaches the Med at Port Leucate.

into Spain. I found this stretch of the Mediterranean particularly enchanting. Then back to France along the coast, one hair-pin bend after another, until the road flattened out and we came to Port Leucate. We paid a flying visit to Aphrodite and drove the Hi-flyer onto the beach. Not a soul was about but the wind made it too cold to do more than stroll along this magnificent golden beach, though we were both burnt by the sun.

We went in search of the new site of La Grande Cosse. I was sure I had the directions right. We came to a track across the salt marshes, saying 'Impassable after rain'. Luckily it rains very seldom in those parts! We spent that night in the unspoilt wilderness of La Grande Cosse, with its luxurious sanitaire blocks hidden in the bushes.

I'd promised Other Half a

visit to Geneva. It was an early start, then a dash through Montpellier and Nîmes, and up the Rhone Valley to spend the night in a layby in the French Alps. The next day we walked around Geneva and explored that corner of Switzerland before sweeping across France to visit the gastronomic town of Dijon. After that it was champagne country, but I found the countryside less attractive than that of Southern France, and we couldn't afford any champagne!

We stayed at La Fertille, near Paris. This site is an oasis of unspoilt woodland in the well-used network of roads approaching the capital. It is a private members club rather than a holiday resort, but they still make you very welcome.

Then it was our last day. We went to Dieppe to visit the military museum at Pourville. How sad it was to pass all those

signs for cemeteries and war memorials! We felt bad too, leaving 'La belle France naturiste'.

How did it feel after driving all that way? After the first day, I had an atrocious backache. The driver's seat did not support my back properly. The problem was solved easily enough, by an impromptu cushion made from a folded blanket. They always told me I had a hollow back and I've had this problem with vehicles before.

Total mileage

When we got home, I worked out our total mileage. I'd driven 2,747 miles and the engine had consumed 91.19 gallons of diesel and 1.5 litres of oil. That meant the Hi-flyer went 30.12 miles to the gallon or 10.59 kilometres to the litre. I must add—we never went on a motorway in France, as such

roads are not my idea of a holiday. We took our time, meandered, stopped and started and went along a lot of mountain roads. If you're a great motorway driver, you could count on 35 miles to the gallon or 12.5 kilometres to the litre.

Diesel is cheaper in France than it is in England. The total cost of fuel, including getting down to Dover and back home, was less than £100.

Our Ford Hi-flyer costs £6,700, but was fitted with a lot of optional extras. If you fancy a Ford motor-home, why don't you ask your local dealer to get you a brochure?

Where we stayed

La Tuque, Belaye, 46140 LUZECH. Tel: (65) 36 34 34. Take the N656 towards Villeneuve-sur-Lot out of Cahors. La Tuque is signposted towards the right at a tiny hamlet called Bovila.

Camping Le Ventous, 66150 ARLES-SUR-TECH. Tel: (68) 39 10 93. Take the N115 from Arles-sur-Tech towards Prats de Mollo. Turn left for St. Laurent-de-Cerdans, and Le Ventous is signposted.

La Grande Cosse, 11560 FLEURY D'AUDE. Tel: (68) 33 61 87. From Fleury, near Coursan on the N113, take the road marked Les Cabanes. Turn right at the sign for La Grande Cosse, at a hamlet called La Pagèze.

La Fertille, 60440 BOISSY-FRESNOY. Tel: 16 (4) 459 24 67. Take the N2 out of Paris. 5km out of the town of Nanteuille-Haudoin, La Fertille is signposted to the left. Stick to the old N2 road.

les villages naturistes
de port leucate





HOW TO LOSE THE SEX WAR

For centuries men and women have been infuriated by each other's little ways. How hard it is for the sexes to understand one another! Maggie was determined to fight for equality. At least, she genuinely tried to put her theories to the test, but met with little success. Until, that is, she and her friend Mary went on a naturist holiday. Then she saw the eternal male/female battle with new eyes. If you like a story with a happy ending—then read this one!

MARY and I used to watch the behaviour of our other women friends with amazement. One girl used to argue with the man in her life, and when she couldn't get her own way, would shout 'Men!' Then she would stamp her feet and stalk off in a rage.

The man had to run after her and apologise. After a while she would graciously agree to go for a drink with him. After a suitable interval—usually about two days!—harmony would

be restored.

Mary and I decided we wouldn't stoop to that sort of behaviour. It was so childish, we reasoned. It's silly for men and women to squabble—far more fun to find out what makes themselves tick. We decided to behave like adults, like equals. We'd do our bit, and hope the men would try harder too, and then everyone would be happy.

Ah! Theories are very grand when you're young!



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We decided that we'd pay for ourselves whenever we went out. If we wanted to be equal we'd take equal responsibility.

So there I was in a bar with a man who'd asked me out. I told him that I would meet him at the place we'd have a drink. All went well until I'd finished my drink. I said 'My turn now! What will you have?'

'Oh no,' he said, 'I'll buy them.'

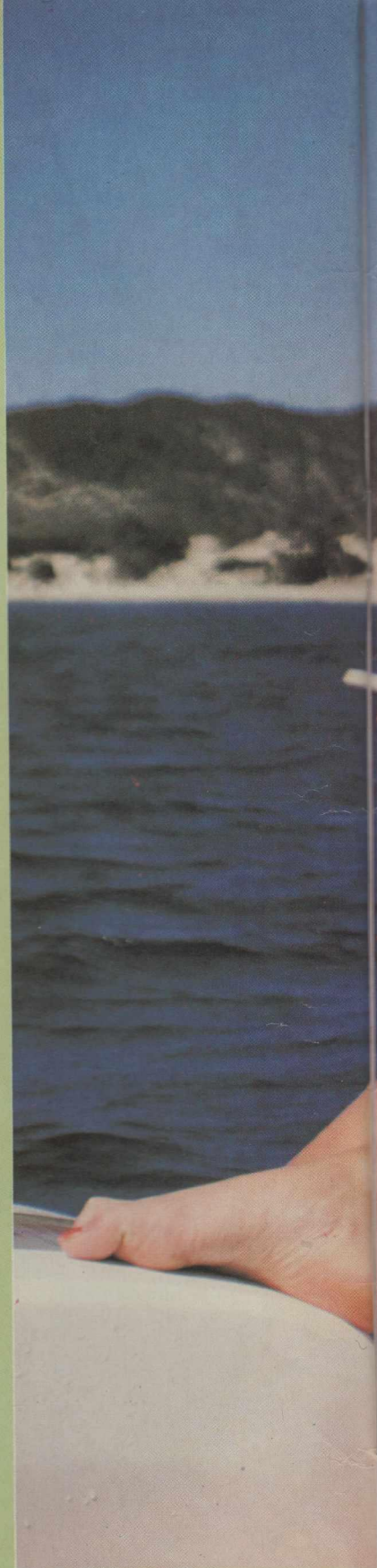
'No honestly—I'm treating you as an equal!' I said, and marched off to the bar and bought the drinks. When I came back he was sitting there, frowning. 'What on earth is the matter?' I asked.

'You don't look very ladylike standing at the bar waiting to be served,' he said. 'It's a good job none of my friends are here to see me going out with you!'

Well, that romance was short-lived. But I couldn't really see why men didn't like it when a girl bought drinks and things. After all, it only cost them half as much to go out with anybody!

Then Mary and I went on a camping holiday with two young men. The weather was good and we were looking forward to the sort of holiday where everybody joins in together.

First of all we had to get our ropey old tents up. We did it, but not without a great deal of laughing and squealing, not to mention banged thumbs and



falling tent-posts. It's no fun trying to hold up two ends of a tent at once while a perspiring male says 'Hold it right there! Don't let go!' Then he doesn't get the tent-pegs in before your arms start aching.

After that, those tough, tent-erecting males lay on their backs in the sun and went to sleep! Mary and I were starving so we started to get something to eat. The men didn't seem very hungry. But when they





smelt the food, they came and asked how long it would be.

'Oh,' we said. 'We've only made enough for two. We thought you weren't hungry.'

To say they were cross is an understatement. They had honestly thought we were going to wait on them like adoring mothers! So much for equality!

So Mary and I decided that next time we were going on holiday, it would be just the

two of us. And we chose a naturist holiday.

Naturism is another thing men are contrary about. They'll ogle pictures of pretty girls in magazines, but when you suggest naturism to them they shriek: 'Us? Naturists? You must be joking!' One of them went even further than that. 'You wouldn't catch me dead in one of those places!' he said.

'But you seem to like the idea of nudity.'

'Yes, for girls like this, but not for us. Or for you, for that matter. You're not thinking of trying it are you?'

Mary and I didn't want to discuss it further. We were a bit off men by this time. But when we went on holiday we had to admit the naturist men were rather different.

They didn't ogle us and they didn't insist on their silly drinks-buying rights. On the beach everybody just joined in the fun.

We all went sailing and windsurfing, swimming and sunning, as though we'd known each other all our lives.

We made so many true friends—we had invitations to stay with people all over Europe. Naturists have a different attitude to life than most people. The nakedness brings people closer to each other in a genuinely friendly manner.

This is not to say there isn't the usual amount of flirting

going on! But it's so gently and respectfully done. Naturist men treat women as real people. They were even interested in our theories of equality!

In the evenings everyone showered each other with drinks, food and bottles of wine, with no regard for who was male and female, and who was acting the big spender. It was terribly good fun for us.

But the silly thing was that we started getting romantic urges ourselves! Once the men

were no longer falling over each other to take us out, we found two of them, in particular, very attractive.

We discussed it in the apartment one night. 'I suppose if we were truly equal, we'd be able to do the asking out,' Mary said. 'We wouldn't have to wait for the man to do it.'

'I'm not sure,' I laughed.

'Come on, you started the equality bit.'

I explained myself. 'If I didn't fancy anyone, I could easily ask

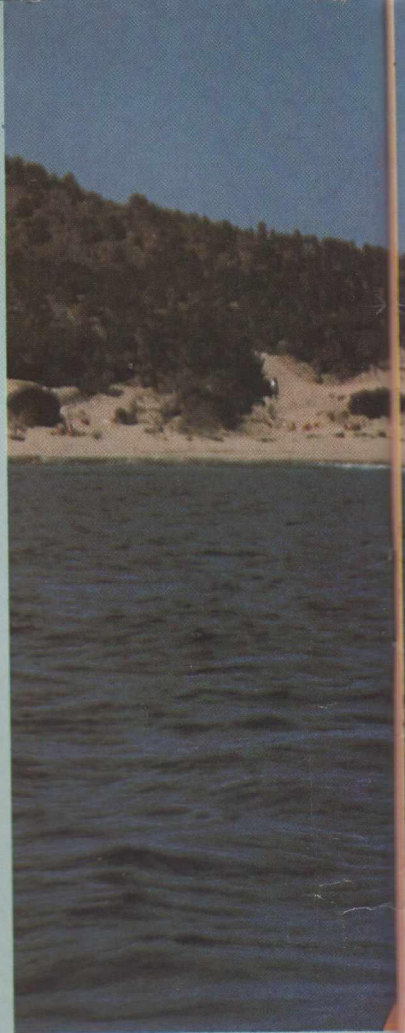
them out. But if I did like the look of them, I couldn't do it in case they thought I was forward!'

Mary fell about laughing. 'You can't have it both ways,' she said.

'But you're the same! Don't tell me you don't like the look of that German hunk you were talking to yesterday!'

Mary blushed.

So the next day we had to do something about the situation. After all, there were only seven



days of the holiday left.

I saw Mary go off with her German (she didn't speak the language very well but they seemed to be communicating) and I said to my young man 'Could we go for a drink tonight?'

He said 'I thought we were all going for a drink anyway.'

'Er—no,' I said. 'I mean you and I—having a drink—er, just the two of us together.'

He took his time about replying. I felt such a fool, standing there on the beach—it's obvious that you're blushing when you're naked! I felt quite ill with nerves.

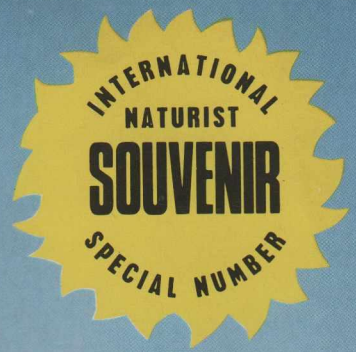
He said: 'I've been wanting to see you on your own ever since I first met you!'

What a wonderful feeling that was! I could have hugged and kissed him on the spot but I didn't dare. He would have really thought me forward then!

But when we got to know each other better it was a different story. I don't need to tell you what a wonderful holiday I had then.

And how has this affected my views about equality? I still think that women ought to be treated as equals all the time. But my friends tell me I don't proclaim my opinions quite so loudly when my young man is listening!





TOPLESS RULES OK

Have you often wondered how it all started? This bare breast thing, I mean. Here, we reveal all as they say. Because Roger Collis was there the magic day it began. They say that many great discoveries are made simultaneously by different people in different parts of the world. It was something like that one morning near St. Tropez just ten years ago.

It was a quiet revolution as revolutions go. Unobtrusive, private almost, a local event. At least it started that way.

Take in the scene. An unremarkable July day at Tahiti Plage four kilometres from St. Tropez. The year? Around 1970. Some might want to give or take a season either way depending on how far along the coast they are from the fabled place.

There's a faint breeze now coming in off the sea. Just brisk enough to stir the palm trees, set the beach boys to work tightening the parasols and to waft the first pungent smells of the *plat du jour*. Monsieur Felix is starting on his rounds with a sheaf of menus. Fingers are snapping to order apertifs. The beach is coming to life after a gloriously somnolent morning. Unremarkable so far.

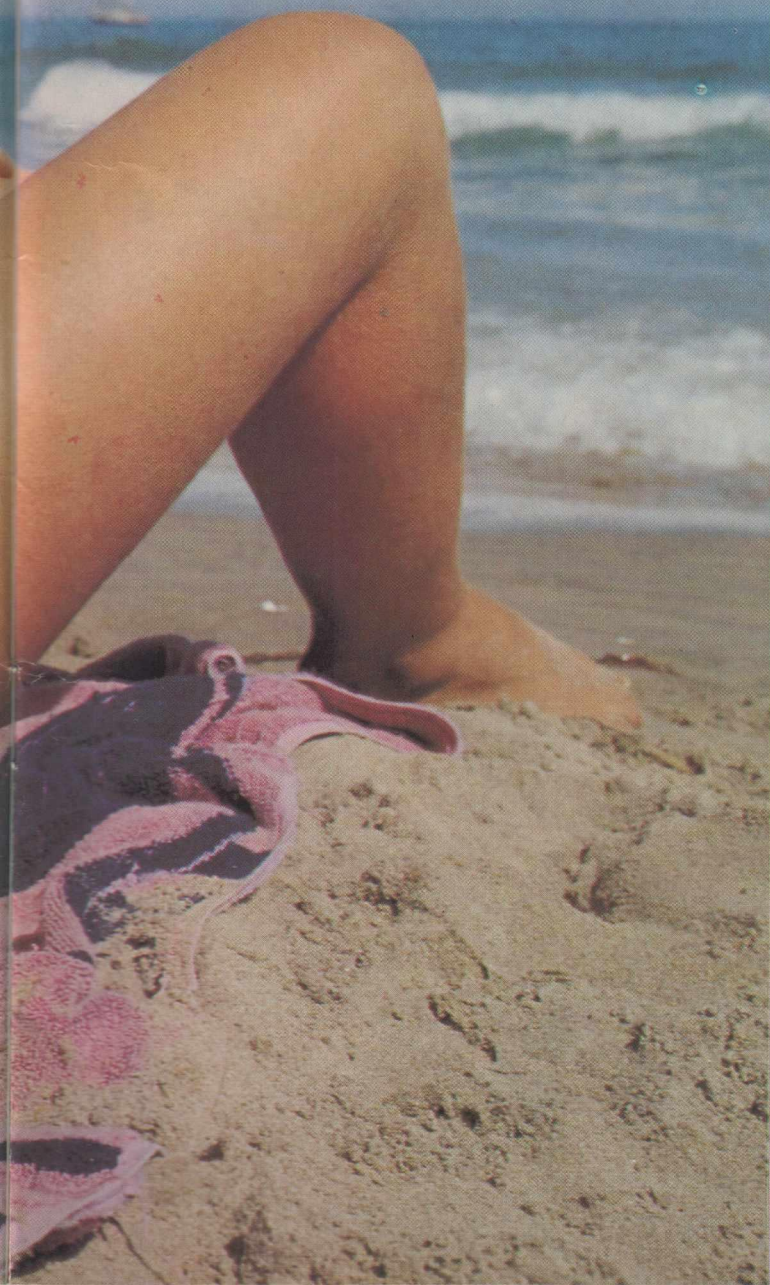
But what's this? That agreeable strawberry blonde in the white bathing suit is sitting up now at the windbreak. Without her top? According to Tony she's a Swedish speaking Finn although what that has to do

with it I'm not sure. She's certainly 'comestible' as the French would say.

Of course we'd all noticed her undoing her top when she turned over on her front an hour ago. That was quite a ceremony. And of course several of the girls did that. Still. Hey, there's another a couple of metres away. My word, she looks a bit coy. And another. Why, it's our very own Martine. And Jean-Pierre doesn't seem in the least concerned. What a figure! And there's another. This is incredible. Plenty to talk about at Senequier tonight.

It's almost as though there was a pre-engaged signal for all the tops to be peeled off. In a few minutes right down the far row of matelas a dozen pairs of bosoms are wagging decorously. Under the benign auspices of Monsieur Felix who looks like he's seen it all and a bit more besides.

To be sure a few heads are wagging as well. But so far no bolts of lightning from the angry gods, no screaming police sirens. Just a few venturesome



Tropeziennes starting another fashion on the Cote d'Azur. A fashion? As it transpired it was more like the manifestation, the fulfilment of a latent social need. A natural evolution rather than a revolution. The shape of things to come.

Before long at neighbouring beaches along the peninsula, at Pampelonne, at Plage des Salins, at Plage de la Briand, at Plage de l'Escalet, at Plage des Graniers and of course at the famous poolside of the Hotel Byblos in St. Tropez, there was an effulgent if cautious flowering of bare breasts. Sometimes more circumspect than at Tahiti and Pampelonne but none the less welcome for that. The whole phenomenon was remarkably chaste and natural for the most part and so it has largely remained.

Aficionados reported four distinct phases in going topless. Women would start with understandable hesitation, lying on their fronts with their bare breasts close to the sand, bikini tops close at hand or merely unfastened. Then they would experiment with lying on their backs exposing their breasts to the sun. After that they would progress to sitting up and finally would graduate to topless swimming and walking around the beach.

Bikini marks became as rare as a parking place in St. Tropez.

At the end of the first lustrous topless season, 'Seins' Tropez, the capital of summer chic, had also become the mecca of the MLS—the redoubtable 'mouvement de liberation des seins'—a Women's Lib offshoot, infiltrated one suspects by men with interests more aesthetic than political. But so be it. By the end of the summer of 1971 within a dozen kilometres of St. Tropez, bikini marks had become almost as rare as a parking space in the Place de la Republique. Topless sunbathing was here to stay.

But for the next couple of seasons 'going topless' remained, if not a mild eccentricity, the almost exclusive preserve of the sybaritic peninsula. It was written about, talked about, indulged in and photographed, gushed over and deplored. But it seemed to be just another local event, another St. Tropez folly condoned by enlightened authorities, a delicious foible in the tradition of Brigitte Bardot who had made the 'presqu'île' so fashionable a decade before.

Elsewhere was inevitably more staid. A far cry from

bathing machines to be sure but at most public and private beaches along the coast bikini tops remained more or less firmly ensconced. All was quiet on the Cote d'Azur.

Until Thursday, 14 June, 1973, the day *Nice Matin* shrieked in a banner headline: 'Nice has been invaded by the bare breasts of St. Tropez!' And where else but at the irreproachable Ruhl Plage on the Promenade des Anglais, a long croupier's call from the awnings of the Hotel Negresco, that rococo home from home of the bourgeois chic. Under a photograph of three stunning topless sunbathers the paper said 'the scenery of Nice is none the worse for a few discarded bikini tops'.

One expected the earth to fall in or least a 'tremblement de terre' of force five on the Richter scale! But Monsieur Malacarne who, with son Bob and daughter Claudie, runs Ruhl Plage with an iron hand, was undismayed. Claudie was reported chatting to one of the topless denizens, Sandra, who predictably came from St. Tropez.

Other beaches along the

front were quick to follow Ruhl's example, the Opera Plage, the Forum, the Bains de la Plage. The latter was managed by Monsieur Jo Burdin, president of the 'syndicat des plagistes des Alpes Maritimes' who gave a Gallic shrug. 'Personally,' he said laconically, 'I'm not aware of any municipal or prefectorial regulations forbidding topless sunbathing.'

Armistice

However the very next day, 15 June, *Nice Matin* declared soberly that while indeed there were no specific provisions in the law the penal code could be invoked under the catch-all clause of 'public order and decency'. Adding: 'If there has been an armistice at St. Tropez, shall we now have a war in Nice?'

And war it seemed to be. There were ugly scenes on the Promenade des Anglais in front of Ruhl and the other beaches. Police, always impeccably dressed, turned out in force to take the names and addresses of topless sunbathers. Jeering crowds gathered. A reporter from Radio Monte Carlo was



Faint bikini marks—this lady is not liberated yet!

photographed interviewing a topless girl who had her face covered to avoid prosecution. A revolution seemed likely.

Finally French pragmatism prevailed. On Sunday, 17 June, *Nice Matin* with some relief quoted the then deputy mayor of Nice, Monsieur Jacques Medecin, 'I think the topless fashion is now an established part of our social life. In no way does topless bathing represent an affront to public decency and I am delighted that our pretty girls are exploiting their natural advantages in this way. Frankly the police have other more serious things to attend to. They should leave these young girls alone . . .'

The police, while they heeded this advice, might have replied that among the 'other more serious things' motoring accidents might be caused by male drivers taking their eyes off the road when passing topless beaches. Presumably this issue was never raised and an armistice was tacitly declared.

Three years passed without further debate on the topless scene. Until 2 August, 1976, when *Nice Matin* observed that topless sunbathing had now become so commonplace that nobody gave it any more thought. This was not quite true. Men were either 'discreetly interested' or 'falsely indifferent', the choice of bare breasts now visually available having presumably invited more aesthetic discrimination.

Children appeared to be totally unconcerned when asked how they felt about their mothers appearing nude in public. 'Bof!' was the universal Gallic rejoinder. So much for that imaginary hangup. Naturism was not going to destroy the social fabric after all. In two years time said *Nice Matin*, women would be sunbathing on public beaches completely nude. A prediction which regrettably has not yet been fully realised!

No health hazards

Counter-revolutionary attacks had all but disappeared and the topless discussion turned more to questions of health and efficiency. It was generally agreed that for women with heavy and pear-shaped breasts a bra is recommended during vigorous exercise to avoid the breaking down of the elastic mammary fibres and subsequent irreversible 'falling' of the breasts. However, there are certainly no health hazards in topless sunbathing.

On the contrary sun is posi-



Pampelonne; one of the famous beaches where it all began.

tively beneficial provided proper creams and lotions are used to protect the sensitive skin of the breasts. Pigmentation it was said is a natural protection, part of the body's normal defence mechanisms. Topless sunbathing has helped in the psychological liberation of women, freeing them from prudishness of a puritan upbringing and enabling them to come to terms with their physical defects and blemishes. You've come a long way, baby.

All the way to 'Miss Seins

Nus' competitions at resorts all along the Cote d'Azur. 1979 was a record year for 'Miss' elections. The great event of the season was 'Miss France Nue' elected on 23 August, at St. Maxime, right across the Golfe de St. Tropez from the resort of resorts that started it all. Florence Satizelle, a 19-year-old Parisienne gathered the title. She will test her charms again in Canada next spring in the elections for 'Miss Nude World'.

At Tahiti Plage it's business

as usual, pleasure as usual. A casual eye is kept open for parasol pirates and vigilantes from the 'federation of bikini top manufacturers' who have had rather a hard time these last couple of years. A Chris-craft gurgling offshore is unloading a bevy of beauties for lunch, attracting a flotilla of 'planches à voiles'.

Guess it won't be long before a sad delegation of bikini bottom manufacturers will be here. The times they are a changing.

THE SANDS OF SYLT

Some of us forget that nudist beaches can be found elsewhere but in the south of France or Yugoslavia. True the Mediterranean usually provides the kindest weather. But visiting the same old places in the same old countries becomes boring. If you want something bracing, something challenging, then go north to the Island of Sylt. Here Dr. Schultze-Naumburg our photo journalist from Western Germany brings you the words and the wonderful pictures.

THE inhabitants of the so-called North Frisian Islands, to which Sylt belongs, have lived from time immemorial in conflict with the elements, and this has produced a characteristic people with their own ways and even their own language.

In the course of their history these islands have suffered numerous catastrophic floods. Around 1200 what is now the island of Sylt still formed part of the mainland.

The town of List was inland some way from the coast; today it is right on the sea. Wenningstedt, now a small bathing resort on the west coast of Sylt, was once a town with an important harbour out into the sea where now the waves of the North Sea break.

Ever since there have been foxes among the dunes living side by side with the other animals which have always lived on the island. There are even some deer in spite of the fact that woodland is scarce.

The island is rich in bird life. In earlier times the islanders used to catch wild ducks in duck traps, attracting the wild ducks into the traps with decoys. Of course, many of the methods used then to catch animals would be frowned upon today, and certainly there is no more duck hunting now.

There are about 20,000 permanent inhabitants on the island but ten times that number come on holiday every year. In 1955 a seaside resort was set up at Westerland, the largest town on Sylt, and since then interest in holidaying on the North Sea has grown steadily. Most visitors who have once visited the island feel drawn back time and time again.

The closeness of the sea is the overwhelming impression. The waves of the North Sea beat relentlessly against the west coast. The beach is fairly wide and almost everywhere is free of stones. Behind there



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are the dunes, which assume all shapes and forms and become a steep, towering cliff at Kampen, the so-called Red Cliff. This part of what used to belong to the geest of North Germany forms the highest point of the island.

To the east, in the direction of the Watt, the dunes give way to heath and marshland flats. In the middle of the island there are also steep drops, the most impressive of which is probably the Morsum Cliff. The vegetation on Sylt is fairly scanty. There is no real woodland, only thickets of pine trees and

sporadic patches of trees. In the valleys of the dunes there is heather and heathberry, thyme and sand violets grow, together with various sorts of algae, moss and other plants which do not need much to survive.

Part of the dunes has dune grass growing on it, and in some places it is used to strengthen the dunes and give some solidity to the landscape. In other parts the dunes are always changing as the wind blows. In some areas there are meadows and even some ploughed fields, though not



many.

Tumuli and stone graves provide evidence of prehistoric settlements. The so-called Denghoog near Wenningstedt is an impressive grave site. The churches at Keitum and Morsum are important monuments to the Frisian style of building, and in their own way complement the landscape.

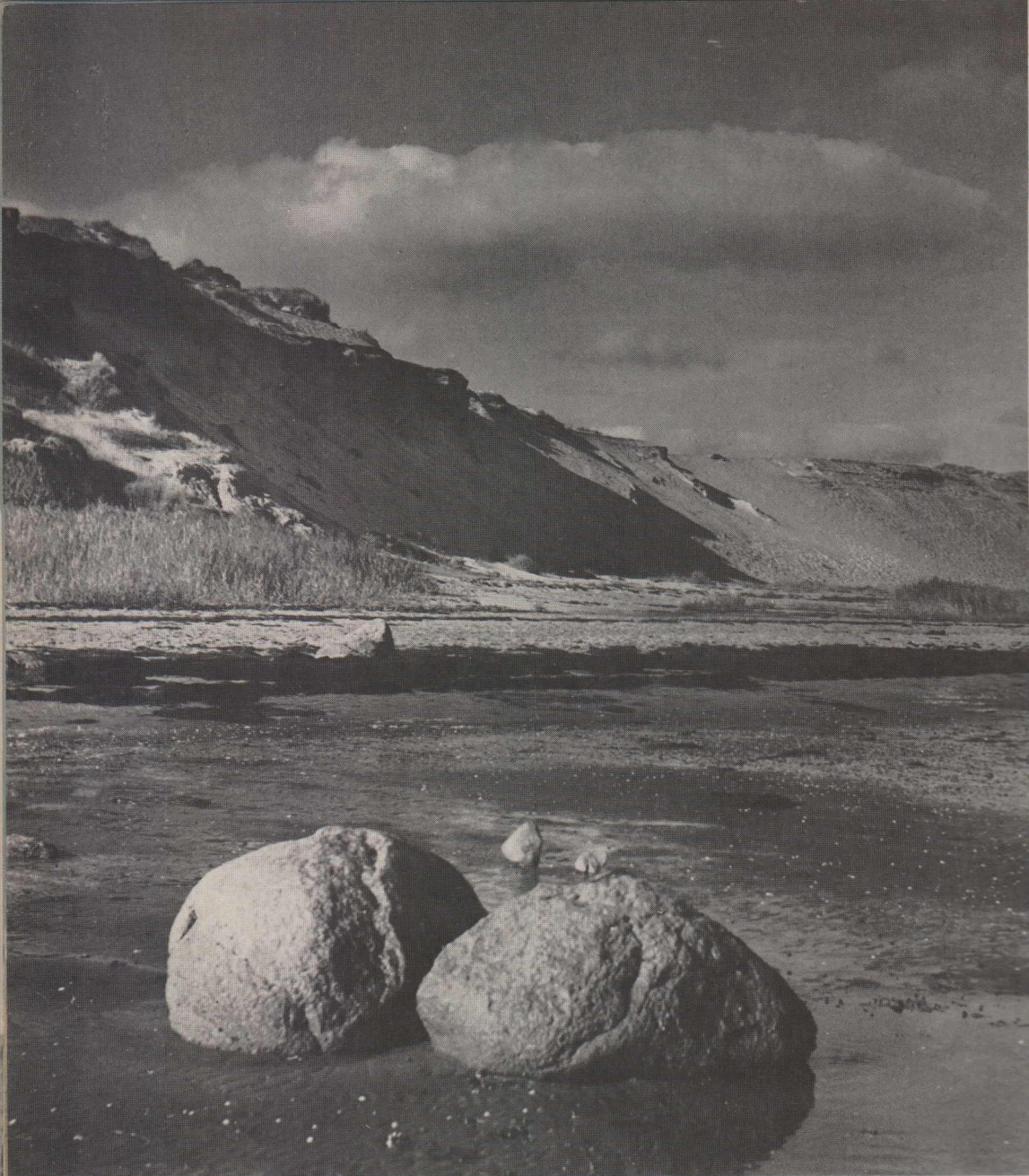
On the west coast of Sylt going from north to south are the towns of Hörnum, Rantum, Westerland, Wenningstedt, Kampen and List, all providing good bathing. On the Watt side there are Morsum, Keitum

and Munkmarsch where lots of holidaymakers go.

Sylt enjoys an invigorating climate which is good for the circulation. The sea water with its high salt content too has a stimulating effect when you bathe or breathe it in. Walks along the sea coast are healthy too even on dull days, and playing in the surf massages the body and is a pleasure to old and young alike.

Because of the strong currents, swimming out from the coast is very dangerous and it is wise to keep in your depth. Due to the rather sharp shelving





You find yourself thinking about eternity at Sylt.

off the coast of Sylt there is not much noticeable difference between high and low tide which means you can swim at any time.

The town must have been gradually driven east over the years by the raging sea until it reached its present location. There was no island of Amrum or Föhr in the Middle Ages—they were both part of the mainland just like Sylt.

We know there was heavy flooding in 1219 which laid waste the land. This was the so-called Marcellus Flood which caused enormous damage. According to the reports 36,000 people died.

In 1362 the second Marcellus Flood struck and it seems that 100,000 inhabitants were drowned. As far as we know this was the worst flood ever to hit the North Sea coast of Germany.

In 1634 the flood was of unparalleled violence, causing

unimaginable damage. After this, during the Thirty Years' War, Sylt, Amrum and Föhr were suddenly separated from the mainland and became islands. The surviving inhabitants had to start life all over again after the flooding and adapt to living as islanders. At first the three islands of Sylt, Amrum and Föhr formed a single complex, and only later, after further severe flooding at various points in time, was the separation of the islands completed, leaving the three separate islands we know today.

Modern man has learned to protect the coastline from flooding and to lessen the effects of storms at least to some extent. Even so 'Blanke Hans' (White Hans), as the locals call him, still attacks the coastline, constantly changing the shape of the islands.

Every year large chunks of the Red Cliff break off and are

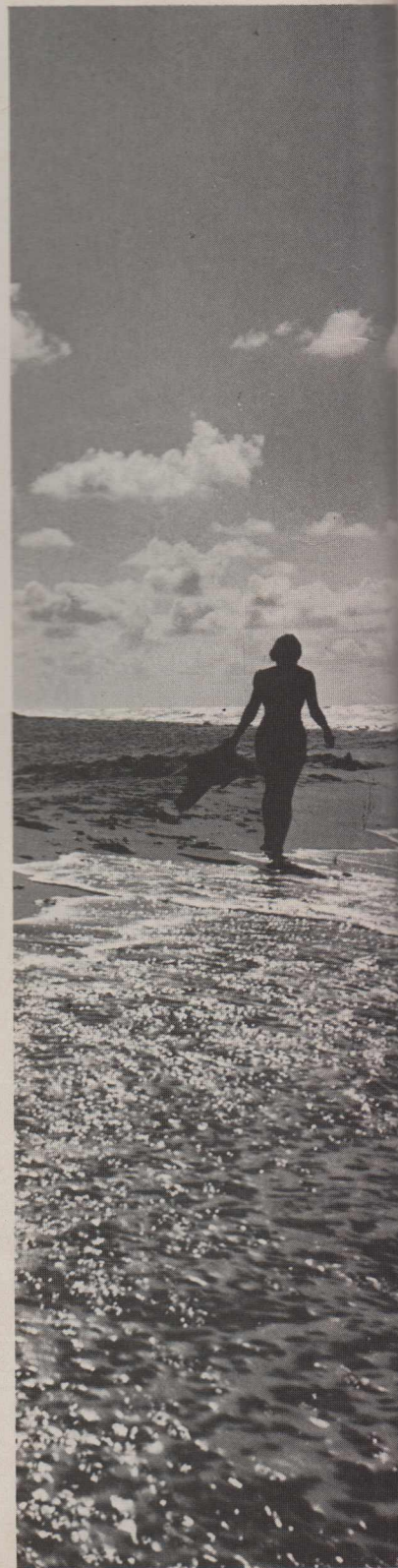
carried away by the sea and deposited elsewhere. The wind too has its effect on the shape of the islands: everywhere there is sand, the wind takes it up and sets it down somewhere else. The elements have formed the island as we see it today and we can still see the process going on today.

Sylt is the northernmost link in the chain of the North Frisian Islands. From the southernmost point at Hörnum to the elbow at List the island is 38.5 kilometres long. At some points the island is extremely narrow: at the weakest point it is only 400 odd metres from one side to the other from the west coast to the Wattenmeer. The most substantial land complex is at the middle of the island. The total area is 100 square kilometres, and the highest point is 54 metres above sea level.

In 1927 a dam was built from the mainland to the island

and a railway link was constructed, though not a road. The railway carried cars so it is now possible to take a car across to the island, which can be a great advantage since there are some long distances to be covered. You can also get to the island by ferry.

Some decades ago a fox, looking for food, was sniffing around the dike. He thought to himself it might be a good idea to see where it would take him and with brush outstretched he made his way along the dam. At one point he had to take cover when a steaming monster



came clanking along. He must have been on the go a good hour when suddenly the land broadened out to both sides of the track, and green land came into sight.

Our fox discovered the new land. Nowhere were any fellow foxes to be seen, though there were plenty of rabbits about. The cunning beast decided to bring his mate with him and declare the island a hunting reserve.

The lonely expanse of nature on Sylt has always attracted visitors interested in natural history. Nude bathing has long



A fascinating piece of natural history—we mean the beach!

been the norm in several places, for example at the University of Klappholtal near Kampen where reformist ideas have always been imparted. Gradually nude bathing took root in other parts of the island and even became fashionable. Nowadays all towns have nude beaches and Sylt has become a by-word for nude bathing. The number of visitors who bathe nude far outnumbers the 'textiles'. Sylt is therefore an important landmark in twentieth century naturism.

Hörnum, with its two-kilometre long naturist beach just a quarter of an hour's walk

away, is on the south tip of Sylt. At nearby Rantum there are two naturist beaches called Samoa and Zanzibar. The beaches are supervised by life-guards and have toilets and parking facilities as well as a snack bar.

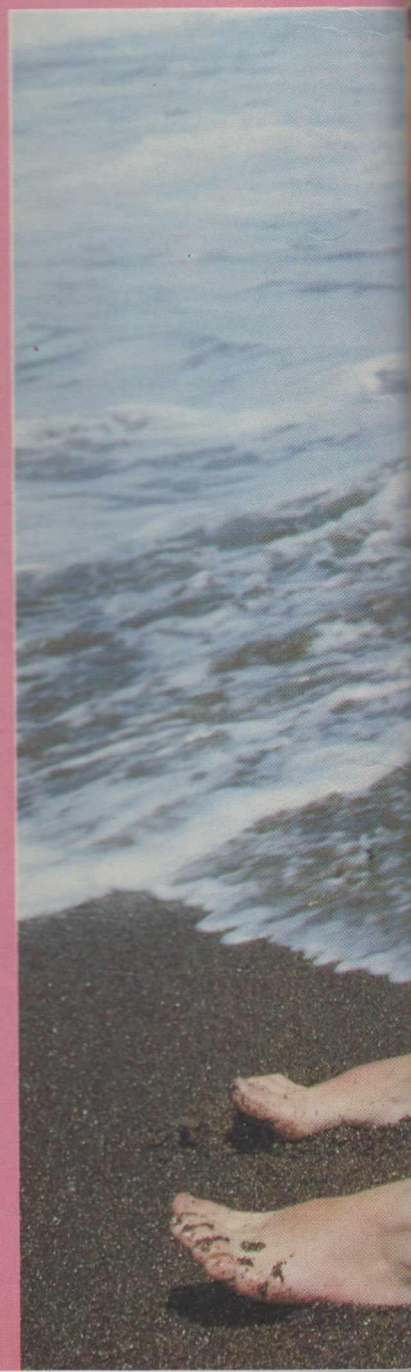
The Westland beach is said to be the most beautiful on the whole island. The two-kilometre long nude beach, with all modern conveniences laid on, is used by 60% of visitors to Westland though you have to be able to produce a ticket to get onto it. In Wenningstedt there is a nude beach 1000 metres long, and

at Kampen the beaches for nudists are three kilometres long. Add of course there are also plenty of small isolated beaches where you can undress and bathe, but watch out for the dangerous currents. The northernmost coast of the island is called List and there you will find an especially sandy nude beach three kilometres long. Here too all modern conveniences are provided.

As you will see Sylt is a paradise for naturists, and it is one of the places where the nudist movement, which has grown so much over the years, had its beginnings.



'Imagine driving for hundreds of kilometres without traffic, without traffic lights, traffic hold-ups, hardly seeing another vehicle. And then, suddenly in a forest clearing, there is a blue, shimmering lake. Water that you can drink. Clear, pure, beautiful.' Those are just a few words to set the tone of this delightful article about Sweden contributed by our regular contributor, George Mann.



WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE

DO you like water? Would a country with over 100,000 lakes attract you? Where the sun can shine at midnight? If that sounds attractive and if you like privacy and peace of mind come with me.

I'm talking about Sweden in midsummer. Which you might think strange as I'm a devoted naturist. And, beautiful though Sweden is, there is no guarantee of long, hot days in the sun.

What I can guarantee is a

holiday you will long remember. And I shall be very surprised if, after a first visit, you do not return.

There are many naturists able to acquire a deep over-all sun tan in their own countries. Even in their own gardens. I'm one. So, for me, a holiday need not have a guarantee of uninterrupted sunshine.

But let me say this. I have never failed to return from a Scandinavian holiday without

a deeper sun tan than when I set out. There is so much space, so much freedom that you can take advantage of every moment when the sun shines.

Our Scandinavian friends aren't offended by natural nudity. Not in my experience. I have sunbathed naked beside beautiful lakes—and on the beach—for hours on end. And often without seeing a single living person. What peace!

Once, on a lake I've never

re-discovered, a young blonde Venus, in a canoe, paddled past me. She was quite naked. A more beautiful picture I've never seen. I called to her and she waved back in friendly fashion. My own nudity she seemed to accept as perfectly normal. Which, in the circumstances, it was.

Normally I am a man who likes lots of sleep. At home I can sleep the clock round and frequently do. On holiday in



Scandinavia I seem to sleep little. Why, I ask myself, do I become irritable at home if my nights are disturbed. Yet remain untroubled in Sweden with little more than an hour or two in bed.

Holidays are different things to different people. Visitors to Sweden have plenty of choice. There are guided tours, self-catering holidays and many arranged itineraries. Your travel agent can give you details. But such holidays are not for me. On holiday I am something of a vagabond. I do not want to know exactly what each day will bring.

For the young in heart, for young lovers, Sweden can be a paradise. Many who go there have never consciously thought of becoming naturists. But, when they return home, they've discovered naturism for themselves. And like it.

Imagine driving for hundreds of kilometres without traffic lights, traffic hold ups, hardly seeing another vehicle. And then, suddenly in a forest clearing, there is a blue, shimmering lake. Water that you can drink. Clear, pure, beautiful.

Who, in their right mind, is going to take off their clothes to bathe in those magic waters and then put on a swimming costume? People who have never thought about swimming naked do so spontaneously.

Let us suppose you wake to find a dull, grey, wet day. Nothing to do? Wrong! The

cities and small towns in Sweden offer a variety of entertainment. Music, art, theatre, cinema. Restaurants serving marvellous food. Though I must warn you that restaurant meals in Sweden can be expensive. Be careful!

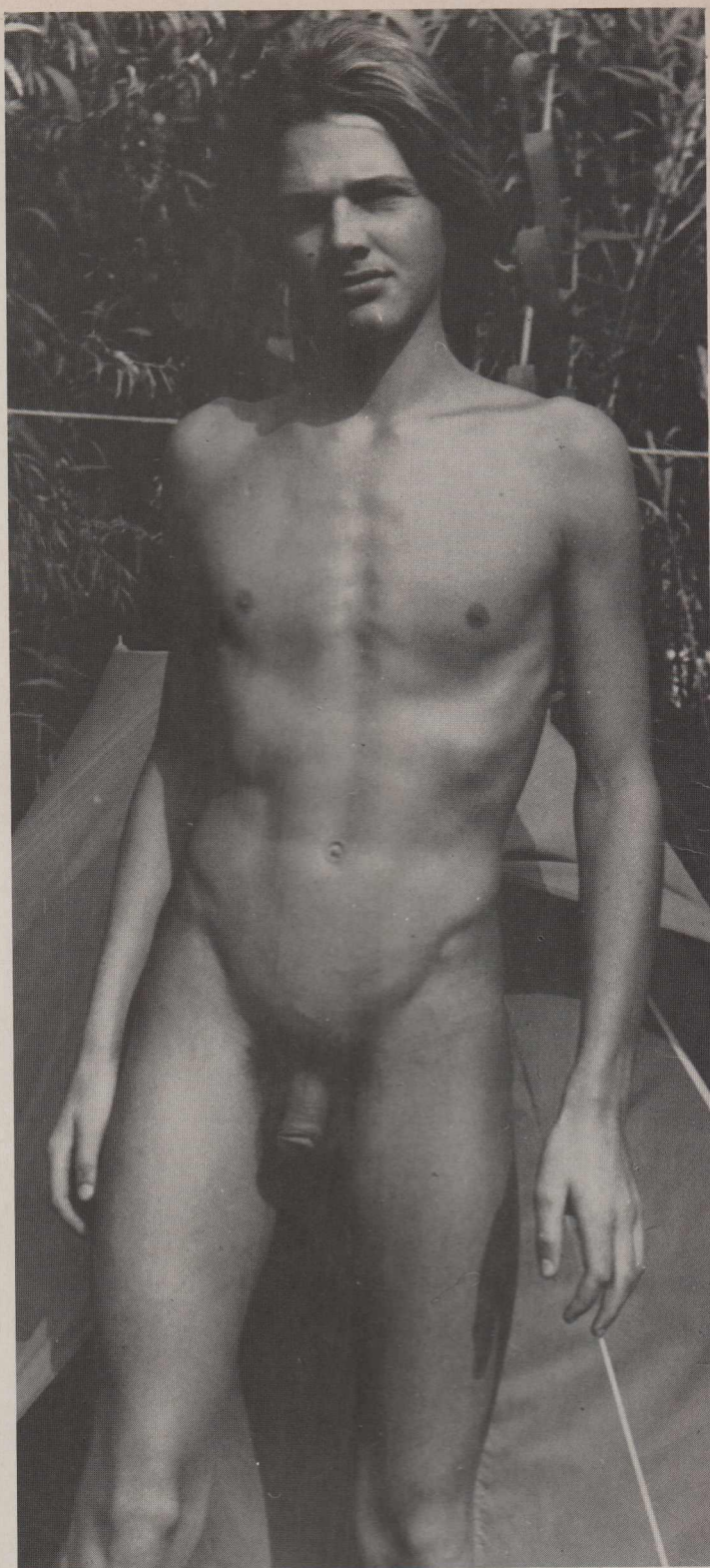
Also some films displayed in Sweden may offend those of a puritanical turn of mind. If seeing people joyously, affectionately and peaceably making love to one another on screen offends you choose your cinema entertainment with care.

Gothenburg is an excellent starting point for your holiday in Sweden. The road to Stockholm wanders through forests and lakeland. Breathtakingly beautiful.

Magnificent meals

Sweden's vast distances do not make travelling tiring. The roads are excellent and uncrowded. Often the sight of another car comes as a surprise. But, and here a warning, there are speed limits which should be strictly obeyed. The Swedes are very conscious about road safety and do not like their regulations broken. Check up and put a note on your dashboard.

Another thing. The drink and driving laws in Sweden are strict. As they should be. When I was last there I found that the Swede's brew a special kind of beer for motorists. If you must drink alcohol. I advise you to forget it until you are settled in



somewhere in the evenings. Running foul of a country's laws can ruin a holiday.

There exists a tourist concession for shoppers. If you want to bring home with you some Scandinavian designed object d'art. It is difficult to resist beautiful things. Glassware, pottery and ceramics of elegant design. They can be delivered to Customs at point of departure. The scheme allows you to make purchases without paying Swedish VAT. Any store will assist you.

In the country areas of Sweden people tend to rise early and retire early. Though

they will listen politely to your traveller's tales remember that, to them, 11 p.m. is quite late. If you are staying overnight, on a bed and breakfast basis, breakfast will be a very substantial meal. I have often not eaten until the following day after a Swedish breakfast!

Sweden, indeed all of Scandinavia, can be all things to all people. If you are not so young please do not imagine that Scandinavia is not for you. You can stay in large and splendidly run hotels. If you have a deep purse! You can stay in farmhouses or self-catering chalets. And make

Sweden is a paradise for young lovers.

daily excursions.

The Inter Scan Hotels, which are centred all over Scandinavia, have a 'passport' system. The passport identifies you as a visitor and entitles you to a worthwhile discount. Quote details if you telephone ahead to make a reservation. At the time of writing the discount is about 20%—well worth saving!

Caravaning

If you are a caravanner you can take advantage of the Swedish right—Allemånsrätt—whereby you can pitch your caravan almost anywhere. There are some restricted areas, and, if you want to pitch overnight near somebody's property I am sure you will courteously enquire if there is no objection. Apart from the wide open spaces there are over 500 recognised caravan sites.

There are naturist centres in

Sweden if you would like to spend time with other naturists. Nearly all are situated in the south of the country. Write for information to:

Sveriges Naturisförbund (SNF)
Box 4279—203 14 Malmö 4.

You will all have heard of the land of the midnight sun. Far, far to the north. Now, I must confess, that I have not seen the midnight sun. Yes, I have been in the region but the sun has, so far, refused to shine for me at midnight. No matter. What I have done in that magic part of the world is to play golf. At midnight! Marvellous!

Let me re-emphasise that Sweden is not only for the young. Sometimes I am accused of forgetting those with limited physical stamina. If long walks, bicycling or canoeing aren't for you—go by bus or train! The public transport system is good. Economic (check on tourist facilities), punctual and

reliable.

Swedish railway stations can be a mine of information. If, for instance, you find—as you almost certainly will—that a particular location attracts you, leave the train. The local railway officials will almost certainly be able to provide details of overnight accommodation. And arrange transport where necessary. You can still be adventurous even if not now as young as you were.

Information

In most countries the Swedish Embassy has a tourist information centre. There you may obtain—or write for—leaflets which give details of all that Sweden can offer. I recommend particularly that you study the leaflet entitled Every Man's Right. It tells you what you can do, what you should not do and what you cannot do.

Do not be frightened. The leaflet does not mean that there are many restrictions. Indeed there are few. Far less than in many countries which regard

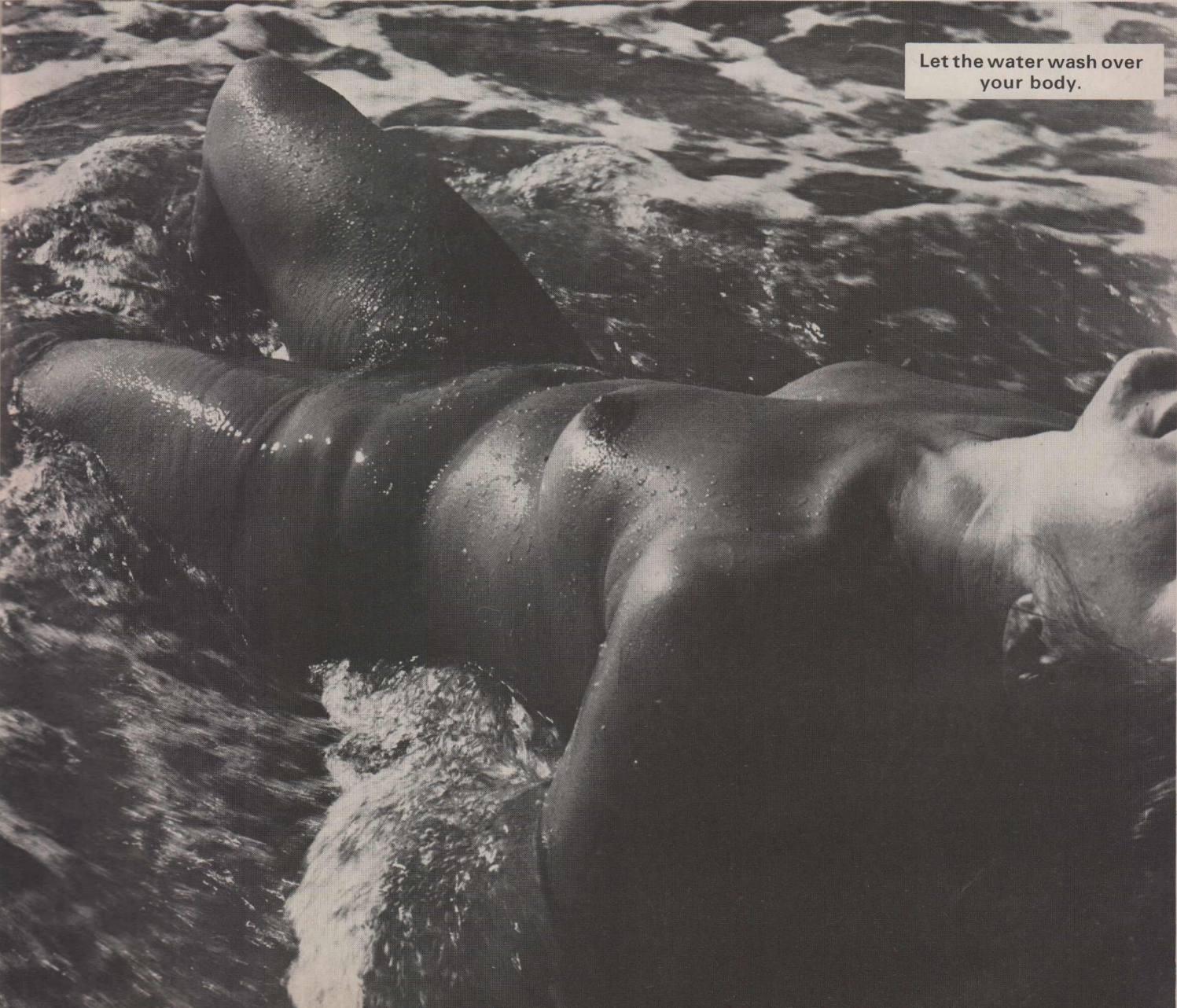
themselves particularly as ideal holiday areas.

But none of us wish to offend against custom or regulations when travelling. We are, after all, ambassadors for our own country. It is easy to make friends in Sweden. They are by nature kind and courteous people. And respond willingly and immediately to strangers in their midst of like nature.

One thing more. Regarding naturism. Although there are ample opportunities to sunbathe and swim naturally naked please make sure that you do not intrude on the privacy of others when so doing.

You may think there is no need for me to remind you of the need for courtesy. Alas, as we all know, there can be found in any situation the odd person who thinks only of themselves. And thereby gives offence. I am sure it will not be you.

Why do I love Scandinavia so much? Because I love water. And there is water, water, everywhere. Heaven!



Let the water wash over
your body.

COMING OUT OF THE COLD

One of the more pleasurable parts of being a naturist model is the chance it gives you to travel round the world to the very best beaches. Certainly our photographers are prepared to go to a lot of trouble to get beautiful backgrounds, for the sake of taking pictures showing the sensual bliss of the naturist life.

Helga is well aware that she wouldn't have travelled so much in an ordinary job. Here she tells us about the place where these photos were taken—Tenerife.



I COME from Norway, and be in no doubt about it, I love my country. I love the wild splendour of the rocks of the Kiolen Mountains.

Inland, deep snow covers everywhere from October to May. A whole 2,000 square miles remain perpetually covered. Luckily, the whole west coast is washed by the Gulf Stream. Every second, 170 million cubic feet of warm water sweeps up from the Atlantic. But don't ask me who worked that figure out! So our beautiful fiords and ports are kept free of ice most of the time.

We have some good weather for about eight weeks every summer, when the sun never sets. We have some beautiful lakes, full of trout and salmon, covering 3,000 square miles—more than the perpetual snow and also more than the total area of land under cultivation.

But all this doesn't help my longing to get my naked body out into the sun and warm air. So when I was offered a trip to Tenerife I jumped at the chance.

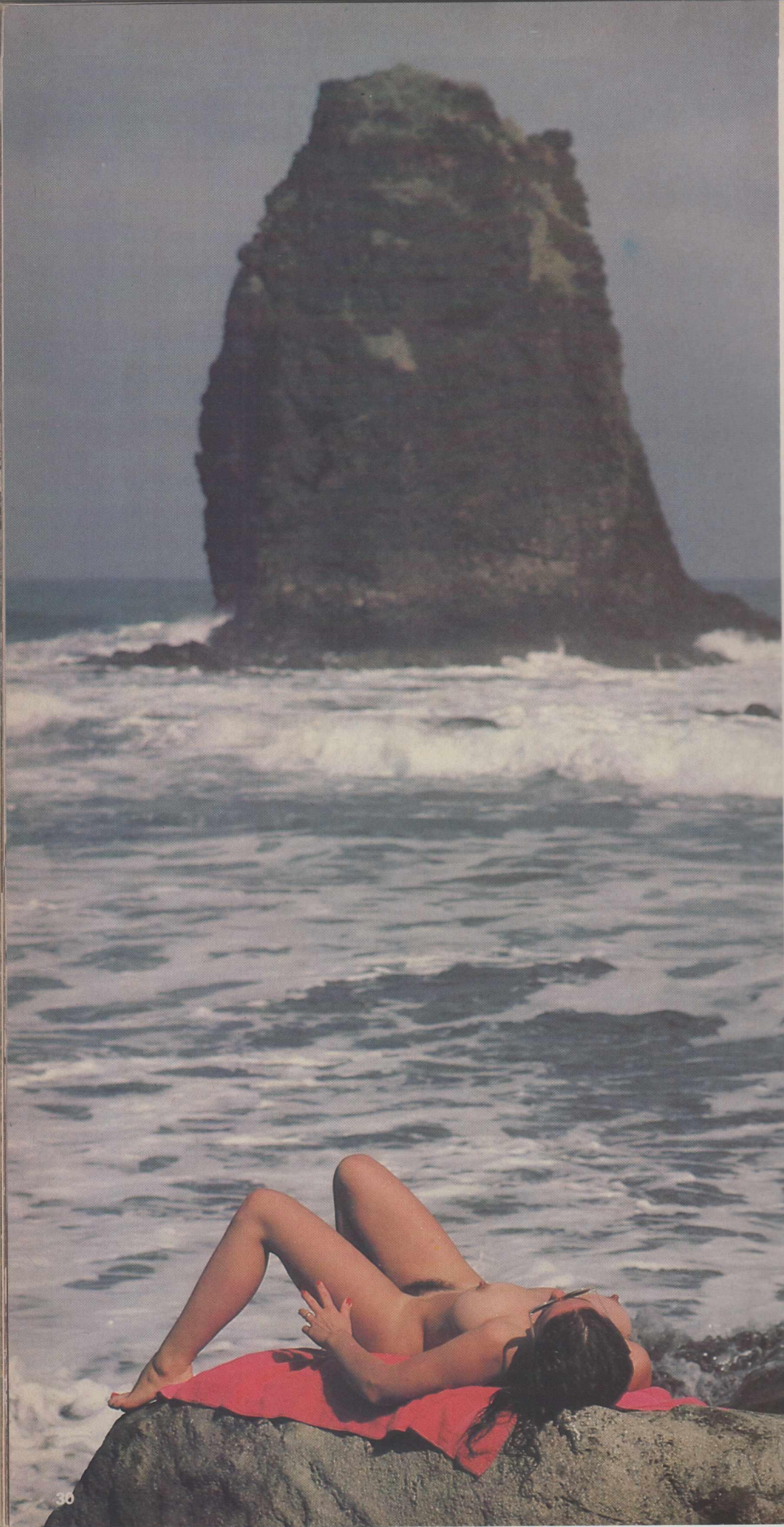
Tenerife is one of the Canary islands, which lie 60 miles off the north-west coast of Africa. The first glimpse of the islands is frequently the single snow-covered peak of El Pico de Tayde. It rose magically out of the water as we approached, etched delicately against the sky, like fine porcelain. It's 12,185 feet high and dominates the island of Tenerife. In clear weather it can be seen at sea for many miles.

We made our first call at Santa Cruz. Behind the town I could see date palms, orange trees, cacti and banana plants. Oh, and the air was warm and caressing!

The next day the mountain wore a garland of cloud like a necklace. It's a volcanic mountain—the last eruption was in 1909. The Canaries consist of seven islands (Gran Canaria, Lanzarote and Fuerteventura are well-known for their naturist beaches) and several uninhabited islets. But my photographer had a little-known beach on Tenerife itself in mind for us, so off we went.

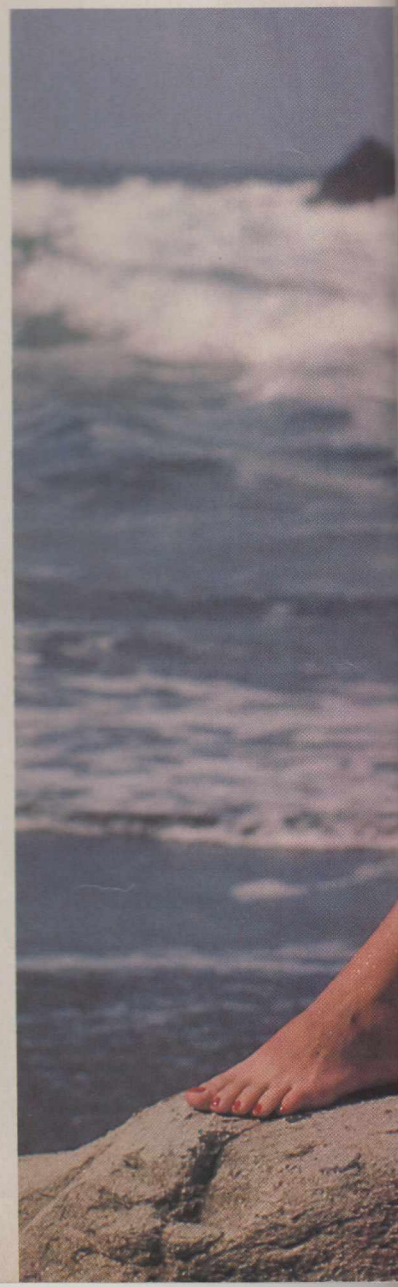
We went through banana plantations. These fruits are the main crop of the islands—it's fascinating to see how they grow. First, pale green fleshy leaves, wrapped round each





other, grow to the height of small trees. Then a huge, pointed bud grows out from the middle of them. As its stalk lengthens, it turns over and hangs down. The flowers, on the ends of tiny bananas, face downwards. Wild bananas have to wait until insects come along to pollinate them, but the cultivated varieties form their seedless fruit without pollen. As the bananas fatten out, they turn upwards, to be cut while they're still green, and shipped away to colder countries—like Norway. Each bunch weighs between 25 and 30 kilos.

The Canary Islands were mentioned by the Roman historian, Pliny. It's thought their name comes from the Latin for dog, *canis*, because of the large dogs the Romans found. The islands' name has

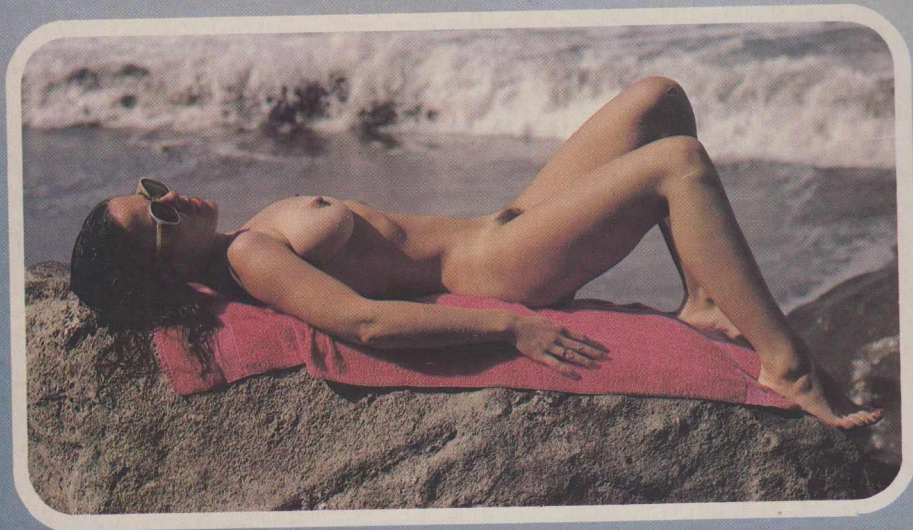


nothing to do with the colour yellow, or singing birds! The Canary Islands may be the Fortunate Isles, or the Isles of the Blest, of the Greek and Roman legends. Their existence was certainly known to the Phoenicians and Carthaginian traders of ancient times. However, they were not colonised until the 15th century, when Spain succeeded in doing so, despite the attempts of the French and Portuguese.

We reached the beach. The water came rushing to shore between sharp, volcanic rocks. It was beautiful. And so warm!

I certainly think Tenerife to be one of the most beautiful places I've ever visited as a model. The pictures on these pages will always be a memento for me of what was more than just a working holiday.





A full-page photograph of a young woman with short brown hair, smiling and posing nude on the deck of a sailboat. She is leaning against a vertical mast or pole. The background shows the orange and white sails of the boat and a glimpse of the sea.

SPECIAL

H&E

SOUVENIR

SOUTH TO THE SUN

**The
Islands, Clubs
and Beaches
of the Sunny
Mediterranean
in detail**

SOUTH TO THE SUN

Where's the best place for an autumn holiday? The Mediterranean. So in this special supplement we're telling you all about the countries around, and islands in, the Med. (Lovers of Yugoslavia will have more details later.) If you can make it for a late season holiday, when the beaches are warm but deserted, take our supplement with you. We'll follow you in spirit!

The sun's been burning down on the Mediterranean surface for something like seven months. As a result the water is blissfully warm. You can bask in the sea and watch the mellow September sunsets reflected in the gentle waves.

The days are hot well in October. Even in November the air is still warm. If the evenings start to draw in, who cares, after the grapes have been harvested!

Many of you will not have our special souvenir map, but it's no matter. All our supplements are written as completely independent guides. We're still marking some of our original location numbers, but we shall stop doing that in our next issue. Why?

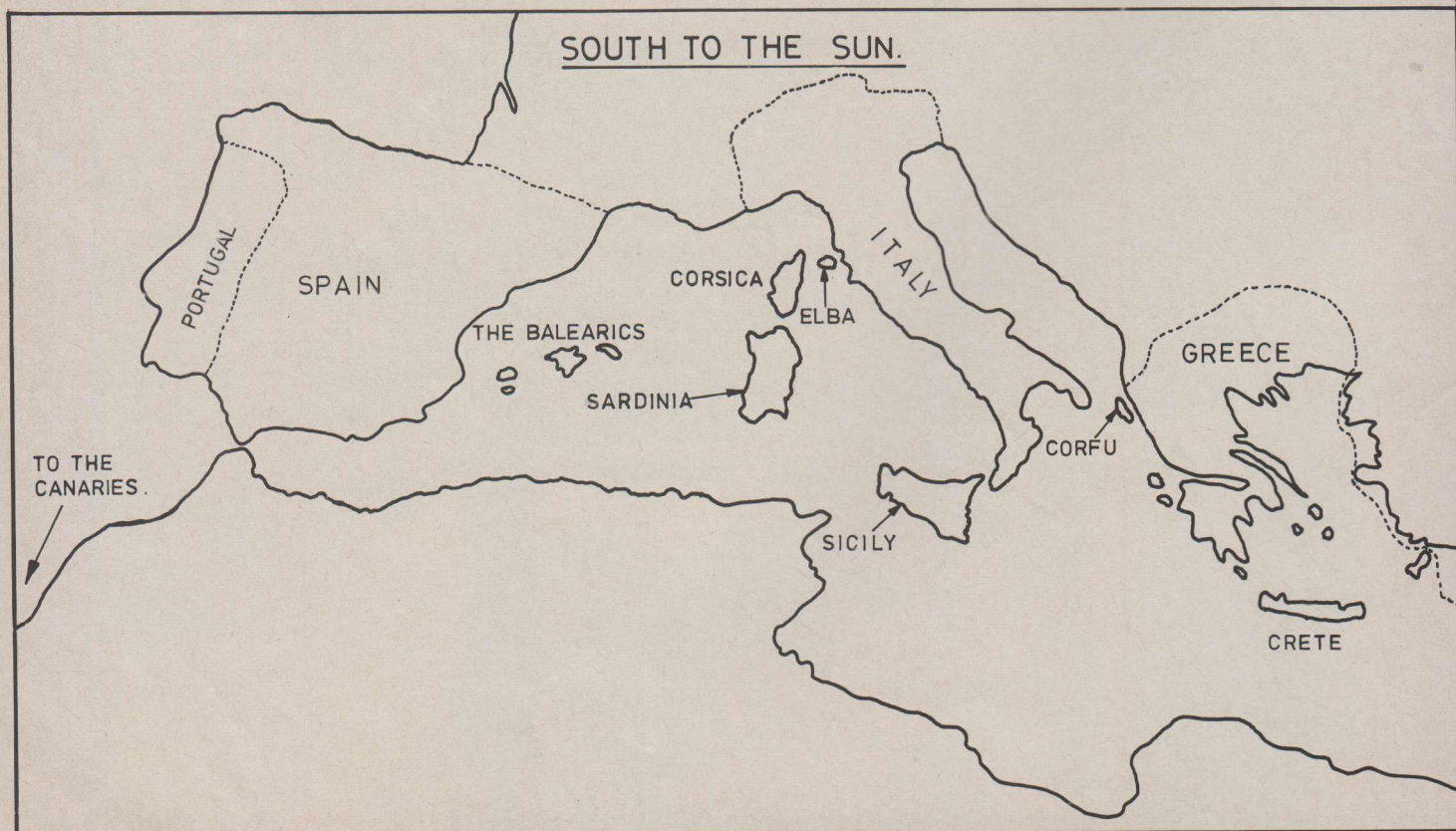
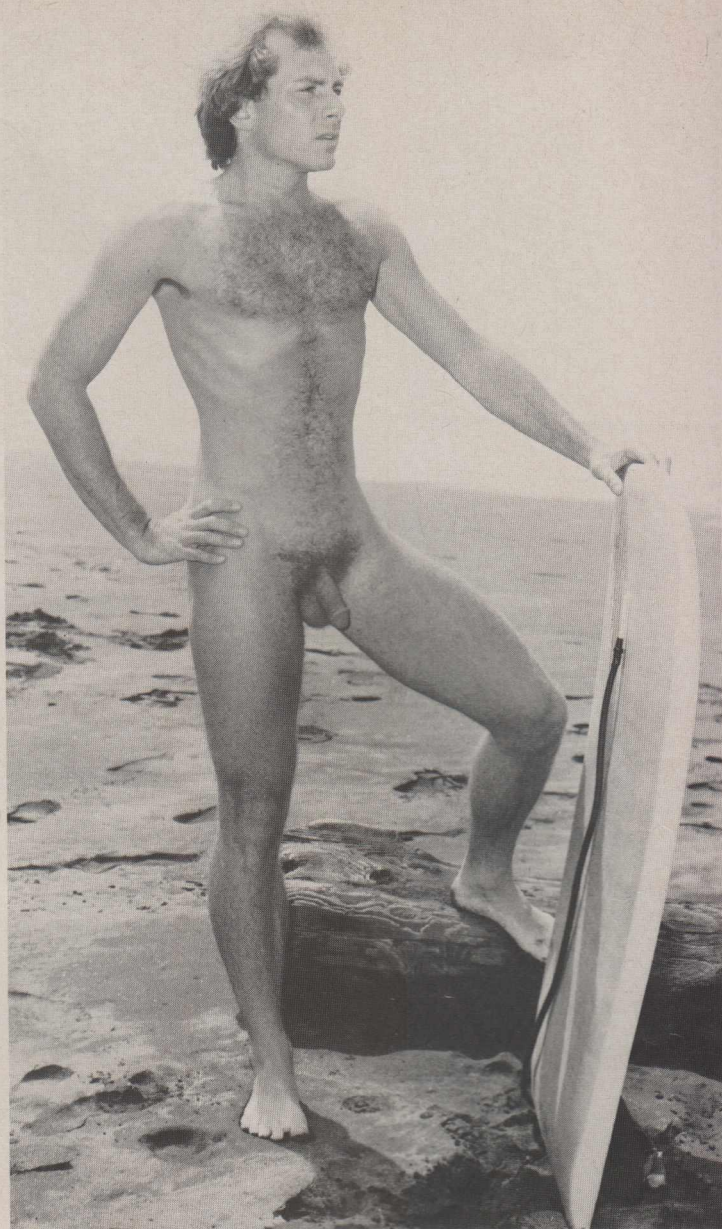
The naturist face of Europe is changing by the minute. New clubs and resorts are being opened all the time. More beaches are being used for nude sun and sea-bathing. All over the world folk are realising the benefits of letting the sun and air reach their skins.

But the scene's more subtle than that. Most of us simply like to enjoy ourselves. Europe and the Mediterranean is our naturist playground. Because of this, beaches come in and out of fashion as holiday-makers and explorers—that's you and I—move on to find new places, new venues, new beaches.

We try to keep our fingers on the pulse of these subtle trends. That's where you help us by sending in your reports. Some of us like to 'be in with the in-crowd', some like to 'get away from it all', some like to be trend-setters and some like old favourites, safely accepted for naturist use after several years.

This supplement has something for everyone. Don't forget—there'll be a special supplement in every Quarterly, backed up by more detailed reports in the regular monthlies. The June supplement was 'Mediterranean France'; so useful when added to 'South to the Sun'.

Keep collecting the supplements and you'll soon have a detailed and comprehensive guide to naturism in Europe. With our help you'll know exactly where you can 'Bare your skin and enjoy yourself!'





THE BEACHES OF CORSICA

Nude bathing is becoming so widespread in Corsica that most people who holiday there can report, at sometime during their stay, stumbling upon a nude beach. In many places naturists and non-naturists sunbathe side by side in complete harmony.

It's often simply a matter of walking a kilometre or so from the centre of the town or resort and finding a secluded spot. Naturism has been reported east and west of l'Île Rousse, at Torracce, and to the south of Palombaggia, near Bonifacio. Perhaps you'd also like to try the following:

Pinarello

The beach immediately north of Pinarello town is completely textile, but walk along the beach from the town centre for about 20 minutes and you will reach a shallow-sloping beach with pines at the top for shade, and crystal clear water.

Why not try camping just outside Pinarello, on the St. Lucie road? Although the site is not

naturist, it is cheap. Many naturists use the site and walk to the beach every day.

Neptune

Neptune Bay is just south of La Chiappa, and is only accessible by boat. However, it has been much-loved and much-used by naturists for very many years.

Sagone

Drive north from Tiuccia to Sagone, 1 km after the River Liamone, is a green gate on the left. Park here and walk for 200m over the sand-dunes to a secluded, sandy beach.

Liscia

Drive towards Liscia from Ajaccio. Park (or stay at) the Hotel San Bastiano. The beach is 400 metres north of the hotel. The beach shelves sharply, which makes swimming difficult in windy weather, but otherwise is convenient to reach and one can stay either at the hotel or at Liscia, where there's camping.



CORSICA:

By far the most convenient way to reach Corsica is by plane. Flights from Nice, London and other capitals are cheaper than driving south through Europe and then taking yourself, your family and your car, across on the ferry.

Once on the island, you can hire a car for a reasonable price. If however, there's only one or two of you, the local bus services are reliable and plentiful in the summer.

If however, you are quite content to stay at one place once you reach Corsica, why not an organised package deal with a reputable tour operator? You will be sure of your accommodation on site and all the headaches of travelling will be borne by your travel agent.

Tropica

You can camp overlooking the sea on one of the 300 plots available, or you can rent one of the 100 bungalows. The beach is backed by sand-dunes and primitive sun-shades are erected for those unable to bear the heat!

The more active can take part in all sorts of water-sports, horse-riding or boules. There's also two bars on the beach (though for some reason alcoholic drink is forbidden) a good restaurant and a well-stocked grocer's shop. Evening entertainment is provided.

To reach Tropica, take the N198 south from Bastia and turn left 8km after Prunete.

Postal address for inquiries: Tropica, 20230 San Nicolao, Corse. Tel: 1695/38 80 71.

Baghera

Baghera revels in being Corsican. Here you can listen to the local folk-music, the songs of history played on guitars, and play Pétanque, the Corsican ball-game. Other diversions include sailing, water ski-ing, shooting and fishing. There are two beaches, one of which is reserved for 'textiles'.

There's room for 60 tents, 60 caravans, and 50 bungalows of various sizes, for rent (though none for single people). Each bungalow is provided with linen, hot water and electricity, and each has its own sun-patio.

On the beach is an open-air bar, overlooked by the panoramic windows of the restaurant overlooking the sea, where local sea-food dishes are served. There's also a pizzeria, a snack-bar open all day, and dancing in the evenings.

To reach Baghera, take the N198 from Bastia and turn left 9km after Prunete. Baghera is just south of Corsicana.

Postal address: M. Ange Filippi, Baghera-Guistiniana, 20230 San Nicolao, Corse. Tel: 1695/38 83 20.

Club Corsicana

This is an out-and-out holiday village—with prices to match! 500 bungalows, chalets and caravans are to rent, at varying prices, and some are designed for single people.

The site is divided into four parts, with 4km of beach fronting them all. Corsicana Village is the centre, with all the usual facilities including a hairdresser, boutique, kindergarten, the large restaurants and the administration centre. You can go sailing, diving, water ski-ing and wind-surfing.

Corsicana Forêt offers holiday-makers a quieter time, but still has its own small restaurant and a snack bar on the beach. The de luxe bungalows are right on the beach, at Corsicana Centre, and Corsicana San Carlu is the new area, with chalets for sale just a few yards from the beach.

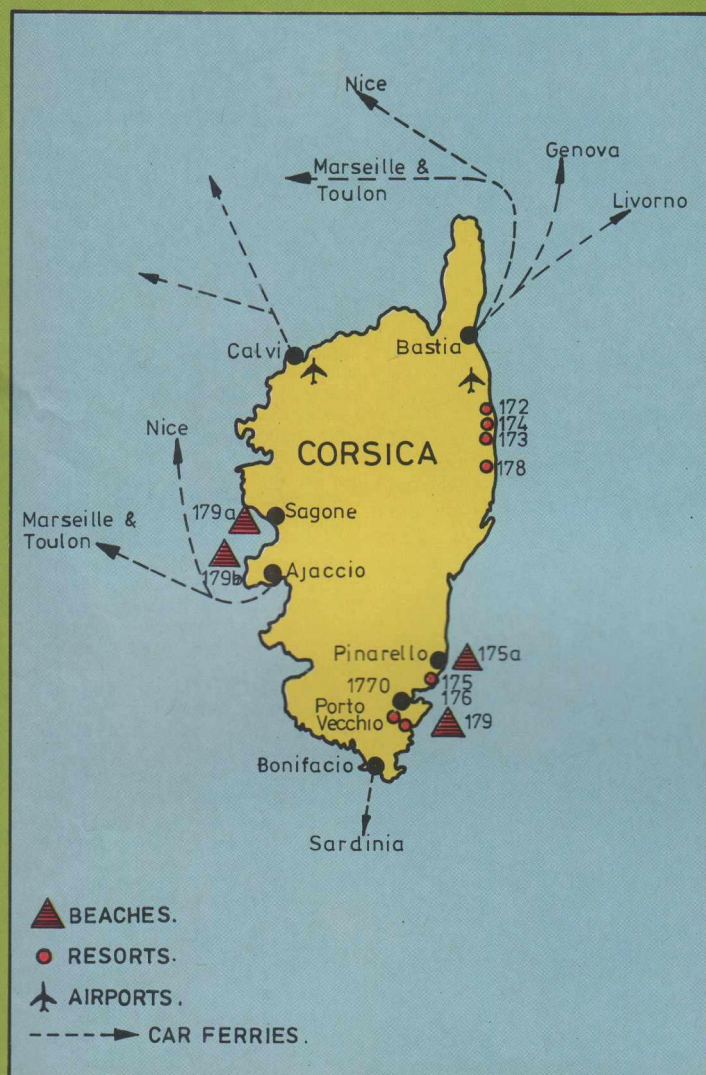
To reach Corsicana, take the N198 south from Bastia, and turn left 9km from Prunete. Or, if you fly to Bastia, the people at Corsicana will arrange a taxi for you on request.

Postal address for details: Club Corsicana, Linguizzetta, 20230 San Nicolao, Corse. Tel: 1695/38 80 25.

Left and below: Regina enjoys the breeze at Corsicana.



Jewel of the Mediterranean



Villata

There's room for over 500 tents or caravans, 50 bungalows are for hire—and two caravans! The site is well provided with sanitation and has the conventional restaurant, bar on the beach and grocer's shop. Dogs and single men are forbidden.

Take the road from St. Lucie-de-Porto-Vecchio to Pinarello and head south until you reach Villata.

Postal address: Centre de vacances de Villata, 20216 St. Lucie-de-Porto-Vecchio, Corse. Tel: 1695/71 44 81.

La Chiappa

Known as 'Club Robinson' by the local people, La Chiappa was extended by a German gentleman who did the job with Teutonic thoroughness. In other words—the plumbing is excellent!

The beach is divided into a series of small bays with outcrops of rock in between. There is not much shade, so cold showers are provided to cool you down, as the temperature is above 25°C right

through from June to October.

Most of the accommodation is in 250 bungalows and chalets for rent, but you can camp if you want to. Beach-bars on the sands, a restaurant and shop provide all you need. You can play tennis (the proper sort) go sailing, have your hair done or watch TV. Children have their own entertainment so their parents can get a bit of peace. Dogs and radios are forbidden.

Take the road south from Porto Vecchio, turn left for Piccovaggia after you cross the river. Head for Chiappa Point—but La Chiappa is well signposted.

Postal address: Centre Naturiste International La Chiappa, 20210 Porto-Vecchio, Corse. Tel: (95) 70 00 31.

Au Moulin

Tiny and remote, this resort has a wild beauty—not to mention a wild road up to it!—that makes it ideal for those with a love of nature.

The river Forcone runs through the site, or rather drops, forming a series of waterfalls, rocks and deep

pools of icy water for bathing. The top part of the site is remote and idyllic; the bottom part has the restaurant and a conventional swimming pool. If you are really desperate for sea-side bathing, the owner runs a bus to the nearest naturist beach.

The restaurant is good, you can eat inside or out, there's room for 50 tents and 15 bungalows for rent. Everyone gets to know everyone else in this friendly club.

To get there, you turn right off the N198 just north of Porto Vecchio, signposted Ospedale, then take the Muratello road.

Postal address: Au Moulin et la Cascade Corse, B.P. 36, 20210 Porto Vecchio, Corse.

Rivabella

Rivabella has a kilometre of fine sand and transparent sea. 100 bungalows beside the sea are for rent, or you can camp freely under the trees.

The restaurant/bar is just inside the entrance. Dances take place here at night. The grocer and self-service shop provide everything you need if you're camping. The site is recommended for its calm, peaceful atmosphere.

Riva Bella is 18km south of Prunete, on the N198 from Bastia. Postal address: Riva Bella, 20270 Aleria, Corse. Tel: (96) 38 81 10.

Splashing in the Med. and (below) the Beach Bar at Corsicana.



Naturism is against the law in Greece or anywhere on Greek territory.

It would be unfair of us to hint that anything else was the case. It is true that you can be arrested and even put in jail for bathing nude.

Whether the police deliberately turn a blind eye, or whether a secret society of naturists exists, though, we're not sure. But a great deal of nude bathing goes on around the Greek islands! On some beaches, we've heard, the naturists get together and post look-outs at either end of the beach. These blow whistles as non-naturists approach! So there's no doubt that you can bathe naked freely in many places—as long as you're prepared to get dressed at the drop, so to speak, of a sun-hat.

The people on the spot know what's happening and where the latest beaches are. If you are on a perfectly ordinary package tour with an ordinary tour operator to one of the islands, and you have a discreet word in the ear of the courier, he or she will direct you to the nearest local beach used by naturists.

If you go to Greece freelance, your best bet is to fly to Athens, then make for Piraeus. We have marked the car ferry on our map but very many ferries exist, weaving in and out of the islands. Their times of departure vary according to the weather, the season and the mood of the local people. They are reputed not to understand why you must have a ferry TODAY! Why won't tomorrow do? The next island along will still be there.

So give yourself plenty of time to go anywhere—weeks, if possible! The ferry from Piraeus to Rhodes, for example, takes 22 hours.

THE GREEK ISLANDS

Corfu

Corfu is no longer the place to go for nude bathing, although you may still find secluded spots on the south coast of the island.

The enthusiasm of free-sun-lovers for Corfu is waning.

Zakynthos

From Argassy, south of Zakynthos town, walk to Mimosa Beach, and then through the Valley of Trees. Take the winding path from the cliff-top down to the beach.

Stetze

Our free beach guru, Phil Vallack, says; 'The boat from Dapia unloads most people at St. Anargirl Beach and continues to Aghia Pareskevia, a "costumes optional" area until a police visit takes place. Swim-costumes then appear, by magic, until the Law departs.'

Skiathos

South of this island is an even tinier one, called **Zogria**. You can

get a boat there from Skiathos town. On the north-west corner of Zogria is reputed to be a delightful sandy beach, fringed by pines, and also used by local naturists.

Skopelos

Nude bathing takes place here but as yet we have no details.

Alonissos

Two secluded beaches on the southern tip of the island, reputed to be close to the holiday village of Club Marpounta.

Euobea

The new resort, supposedly situated near Marmari, has run into difficulties. We gather that the whole project has been shelved for the time being.

No other naturism has been reported on this island.

Kea

An undeveloped island, for those

whose dislike commercialism. A large sandy beach is reported to be in use by naturists, 15 minutes' walk north from the Kea Beach Hotel on the south-west coast of the island.

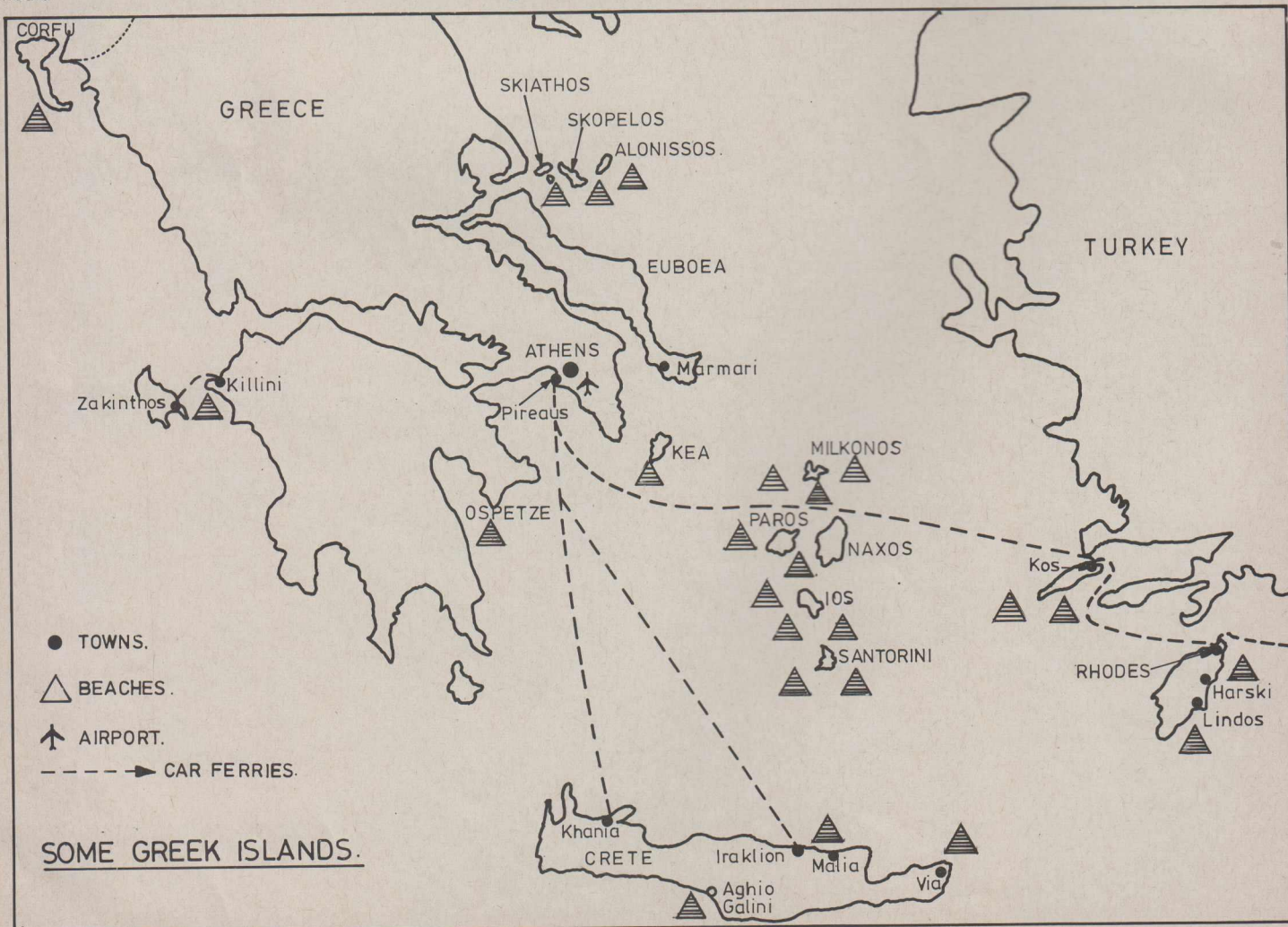
Crete

Ever since two girls were put in jail for ten days at Iraklion, Crete is falling in popularity with naturists. However, if you've already booked your holiday, you may care to search out the following beaches—but be careful!

If you 'wade across the inlet' at Aghio Galini, you are reasonably safe from interruption. Nudity is reported south-west of Malia Camp on the north coast. East of Via is a beach only accessible by a cliff path.

Mikinos

The south coast of this island has become famous for naturism through long use. Local people seem to be turning a blind eye, rather than risking upsetting the increasing number of holidaymakers each year. Many tour operators are





mentioning the beaches in their brochures and directing on-the-spot people.

From west-to-east, try exploring the areas round Psarron, Plati Yialos, Parengo and Elia.

Paros

Paros is becoming more popular and well-spoken of. One beach is about 1km south of Paros town, along the beach

Naxos

The beach near Agia Anna is used for nude bathing, on the south-west coast. Our report tells us it's only a short walk to the naturist area, but we don't know whether north or south! Can an enterprising reader provide us with more details?

Ios

All you need to do on Ios is wait until the buses run out and then take a mule to the nearest beach! Try exploring along the south-west coast and around Milapolatas, at the end of the bus route.

Santorini

Nude bathing has been reported on the north-east, south-east and south-west corners of this island, which is fast becoming as popular as Mikonos. Two of the best beaches, those at Kamari and Perissa, are being used by nudists.

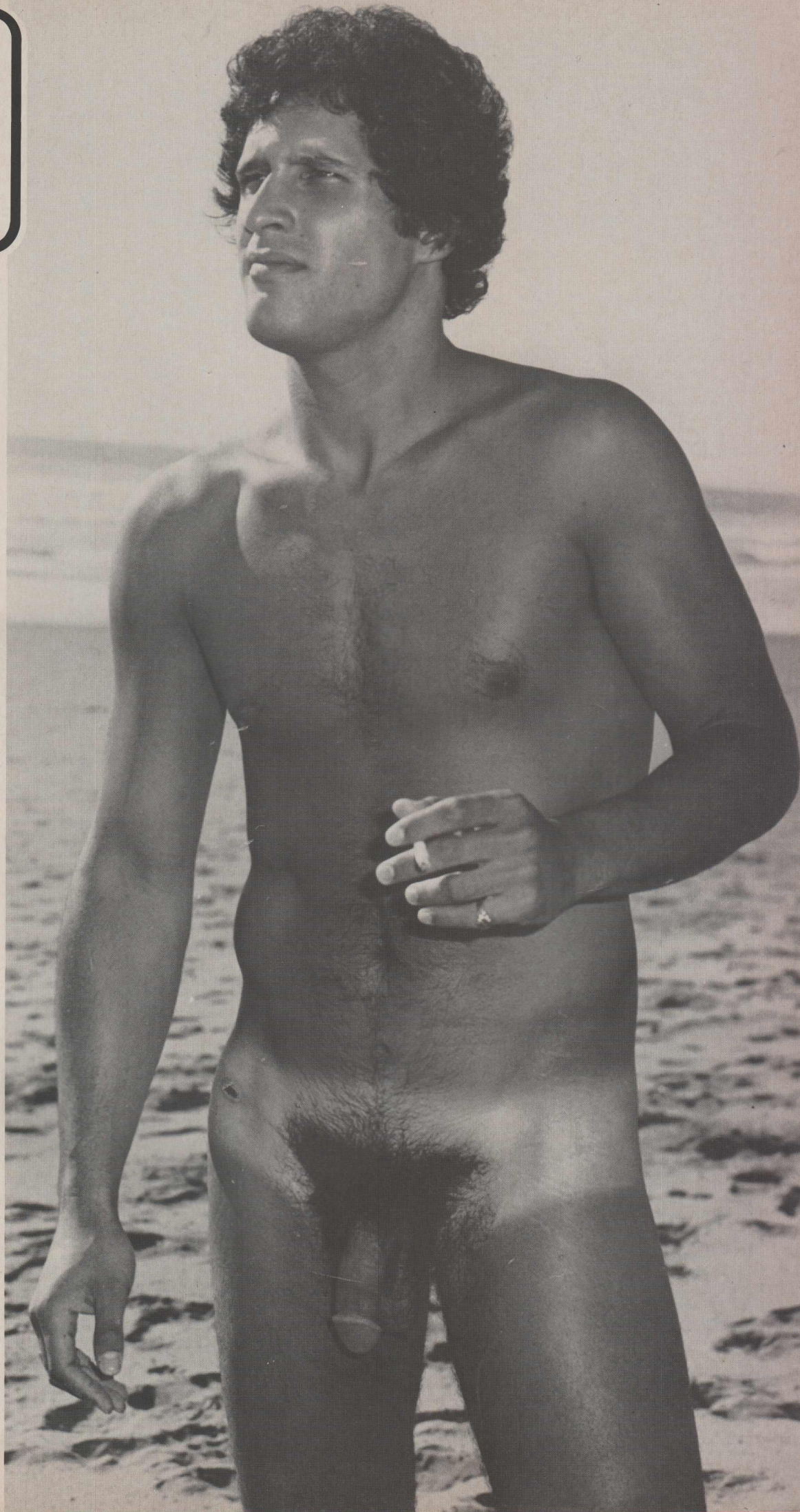
Kos

Long sandy beaches are at Kamari, on the western tip of the island, and Kardemena, on the south side. Tigarki beach is about 10km long and backed by sand-dunes. It's 30 minutes' cycle ride away from Kos town, where you can hire cycles. Or you can go on the bus—out at 10 a.m. and back at 4 p.m.—if you can stand the heat.

Rhodes

This island is becoming so popular with German and Swedish naturists, the local people are calling it 'Little Sweden'!

South of Rhodes town is the village of Faliraki. Walk south along the beach and around the headland to find the naturists. A little further on is Lindos; nude bathing takes place north and south of the town. 4km south is Lardos Bay, used by naturists. A further trek south to Genanadion finds a deserted beach. Malone Bay by Harski is also recommended.



BARE IN THE BALEARICS

The Balearic Islands, off the east coast of Spain, are Spanish. As such, all beaches are public places and certainly none are 'officially' naturist. However, it is becoming more and more acceptable nowadays that people holiday on these small islands with the naked sun-bathing specifically in mind.

Cheap charter flights go to Menorca, Mallorca and Ibiza daily from Europe's main airports (from Gatwick in England) and you can then hire a car to explore the island of your choice. Flights to Spain arrive and depart by the hour. However, you can only reach the tiny Formentera by going across the water.

Mallorca

Not much nude bathing takes place in Mallorca, probably because there are so many conventional holiday-makers there. You may like to try Cala Figuereta beach, directly south of the town of Santañy, but we have no further details at present.

Menorca

The island is about 28 miles long

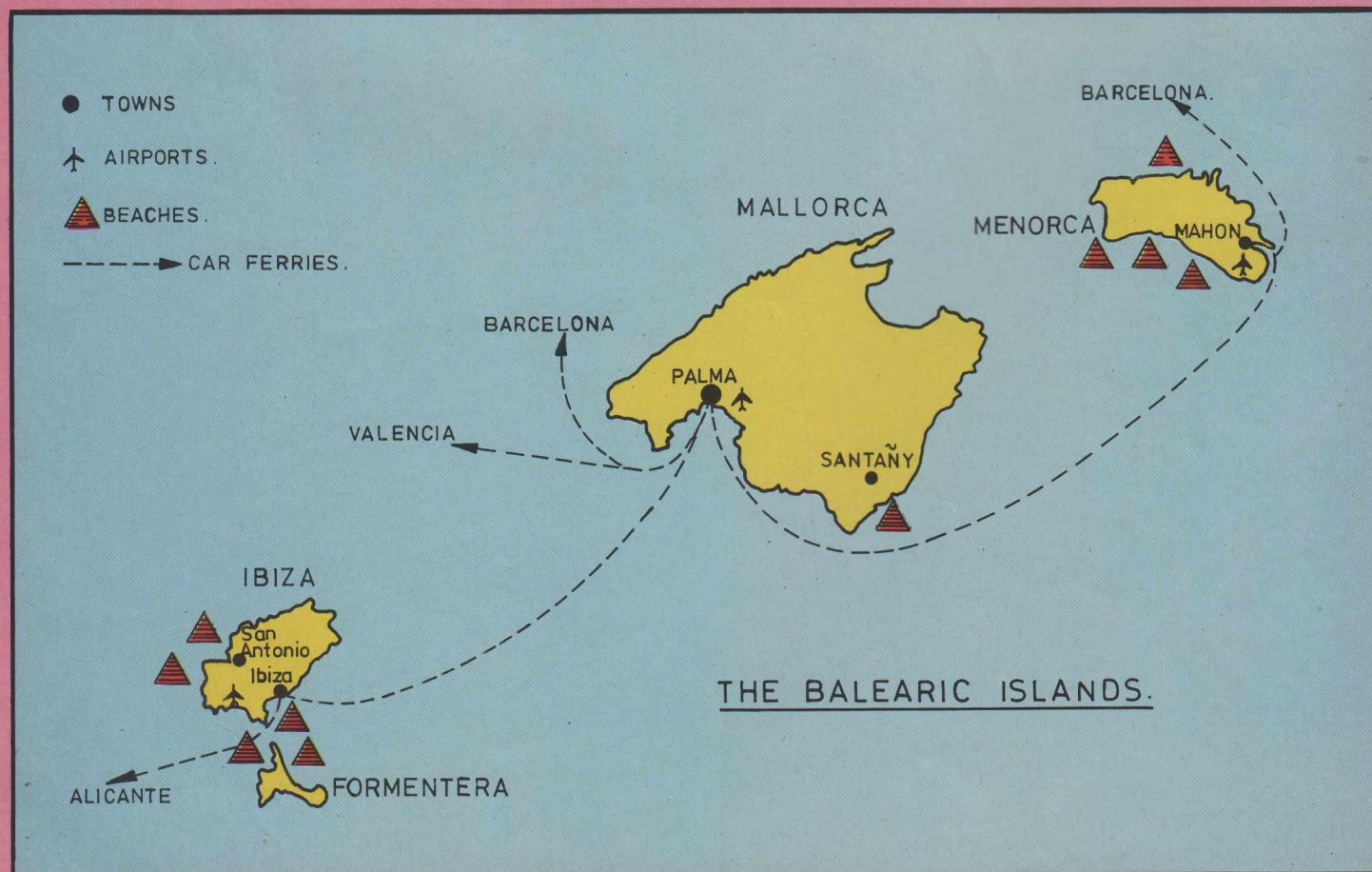
and 12 miles wide and rather bare, as strong winds blow during the winter.

Playa Son Bou is supposed to be the best beach. Take the road from Alayor to San Jamie Village. After 7km turn left after the bridge and park just after the hotels. Then walk to the far end of the beach to find the naturists.

You can continue past the cliffs to Playa Santo Tomas or else drive back to the main road and then turn towards the coast again. When you reach St. Tomas turn in the opposite direction to the big hotels and walk along the beach path. After the rocks that jut out into the sea is the naturist area, a series of little bays. Further on the beach opens out and is known locally as Playa de Binigaus. The beach here is backed by fields and farmlands.

Further west still along this south coast is Playa son Saura.

On the north coast is Playa de Binimel. Drive to the town of Mercadal, in the centre of the island and follow the road-signs to Binimel, or Binimel-La. The road leads straight to the beach. It faces north and is more windy than the other beaches, but is mostly





deserted and there are no hotel developments nearby.

Ibiza

Between Ibiza town and the southernmost point of the island are several beaches. From Ibiza, drive towards San Jorge and turn off for En Rossa, just before San Jorge. Head south for Playa Sal Rossa. Closer to the tip of the peninsula is the near-famous Playa Cavallet.

In the dent in the end of the peninsula is Playa de la Salinas, facing directly south.

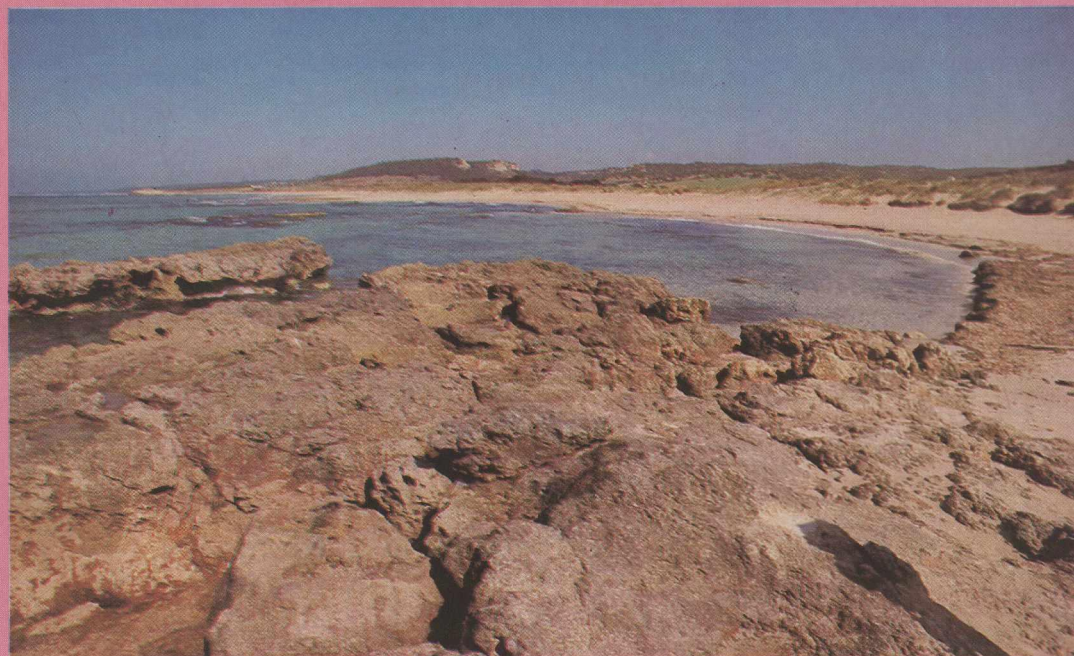
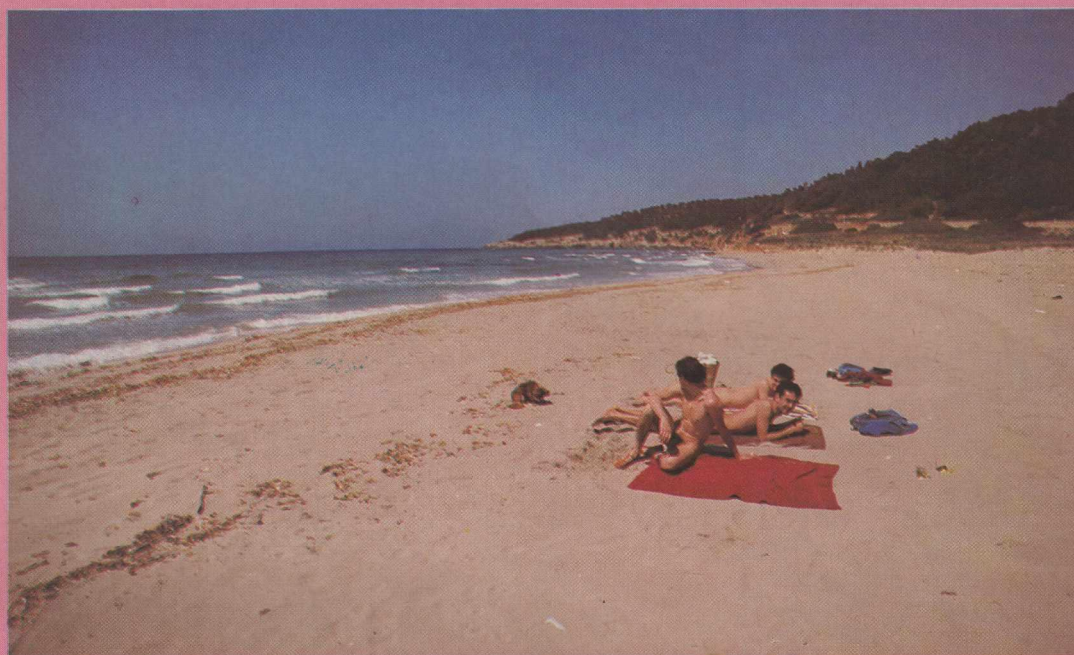
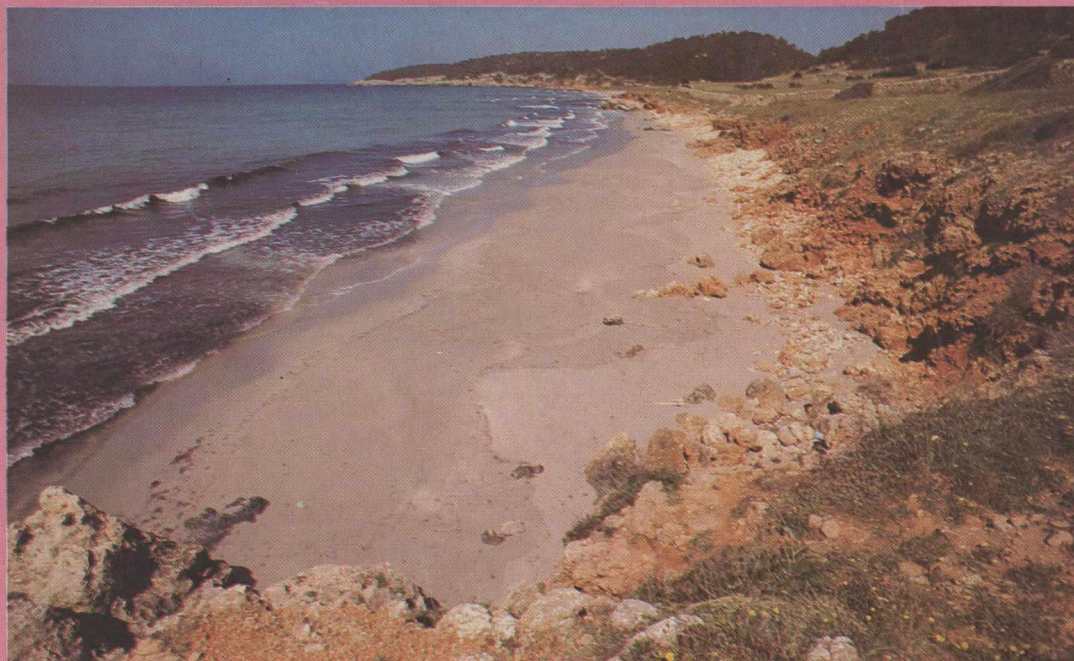
On the west side of the island, various beaches just north of San Antonio are now gaining in popularity with naturists. These are Cala Galera, Cala Conta and Port Es Terrant.

At the very northern tip of the island, nude bathing has been reported at a beach called Aigües Blancas.

Formentera

The tiny island at the tip of Formentera, called Espalmador, is supposedly privately owned, yet rumour has it that you can take a 'Pirate Trip' from Ibiza harbour and visit the beaches there.

The same trip also visits well-accepted naturist beaches on either side of Formentera's north peninsula, known as Trocadors beaches.



Top and centre: Sto. Tomas, Menorca. Below: Son Bou, Menorca.

ITALY, ELBA and

It is only comparatively recently that naturism has come to Italy and the Italians are still shy! *Health and Efficiency* is not on sale there and so far we have had no reports either from Italians, or visitors to Italy, about the naturist facilities.

That's the bad news over! We will of course give you all the details we have, but we cannot recommend sites in any way.

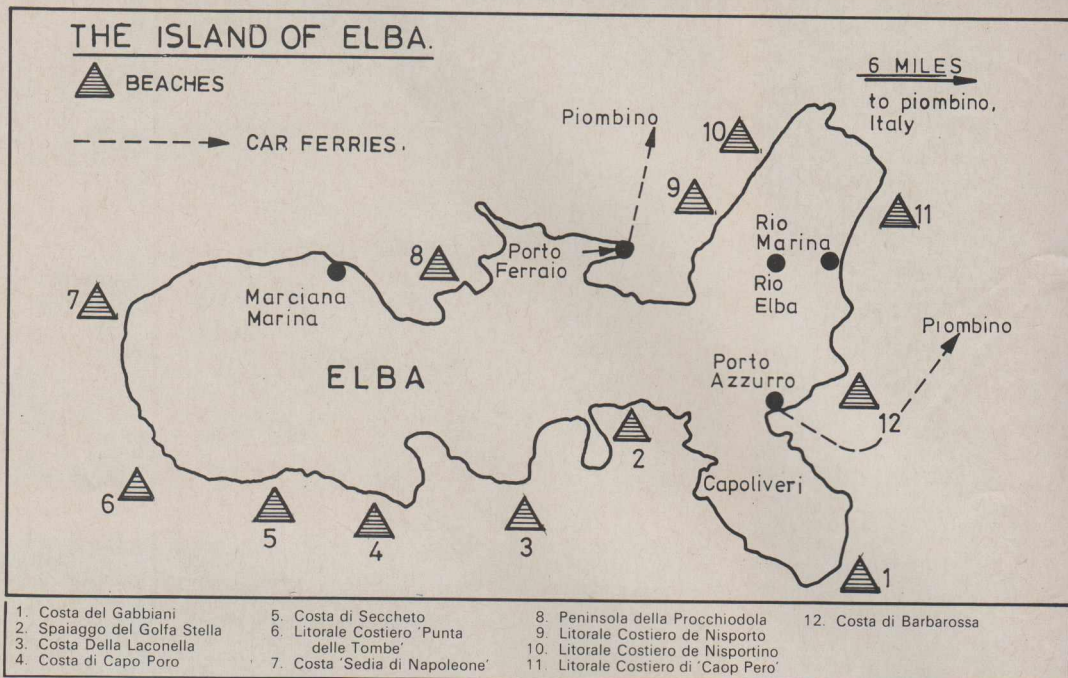
The beaches of Italy

Hints are filtering through of topless sun-bathing becoming more accepted, but the only area where nude bathing is definitely taking place is on the coast north of Rome, between Fregene and Civitavecchia.

Is this because all the naturists are going to the island of Elba? It's been known for some time as a naturist haven. You can get across on the ferry from Piombino and explore the island on foot or by car. However, most of the beaches are only accessible on foot or by boat. None of them are 'official'. However, we have never heard of any police action against nudists.

Only against campers. It is apparently against the law to camp on the beaches so you will have to move inland if you are looking for accommodation. None of the beaches have any facilities like toilets, but many naturists find this utter wilderness more in keeping with their idea of the natural life.

For more information about Elba you can write, enclosing international reply coupons, to A.N.I.T.A., Gruppo Naturisti 'Isola Elba', Via Andrea Vitaliani 20, 59036 Porto



Azzurro, Italy.

If you have a boat in the Mediterranean, it does of course make it easier to search out naturist beaches. The tiny islands are the places to head for. Off the north coast of Sicily, naturists are enjoying the sun on the little islands of Filicudi, Lipari and Vulcano. Off the western coast, the island of Marettimo is the place to head for.

We've heard that topless bathing

is becoming acceptable on the east coast of Sicily, around Taormina and Syracuse. However, apparently the police around Palermo are particularly keen to stamp out nudity of any sort.

The clubs in Italy

Club Leuchenburg

10km south of Bolzen/Bolzano, Leuchenburg appears to be a small members' club. There's only two showers, one toilet and room for 50 cars. Drinks are available, but there's no cooking facilities. No one lives on the site, so they recommend that you ring V. E. Sperandio on (0471) 27005, if you are contemplating a visit.

Postal address: Club Leuchenburg, Associazione Naturista Alto Adige, Postfach 236, 1-39 100

Bozen/Bolzano, Italy.

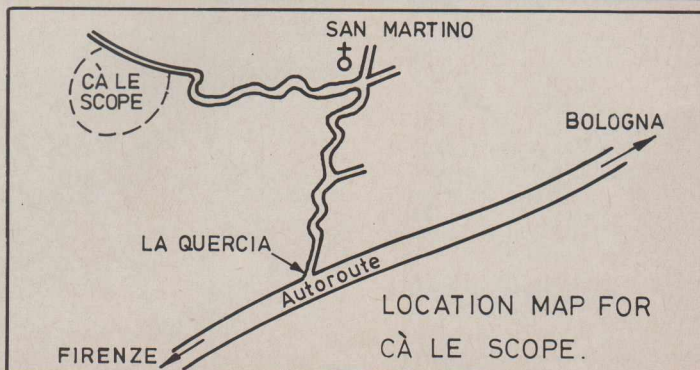
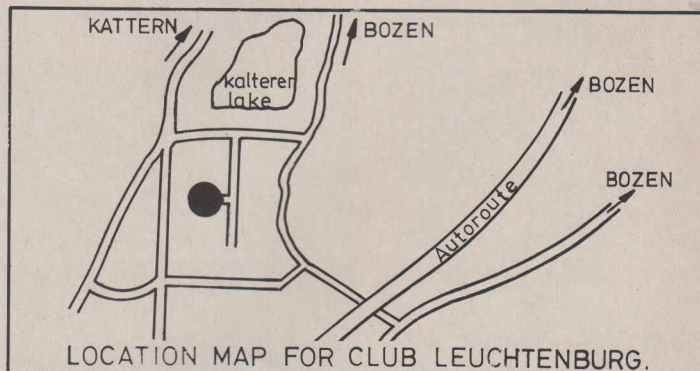
Nudisti del Po

This club is in fact a sun-bathing boat and the members can also enjoy river swimming and sunbathing on a sandy stretch of riverside. Write to them c/o A.N.I.T.A.

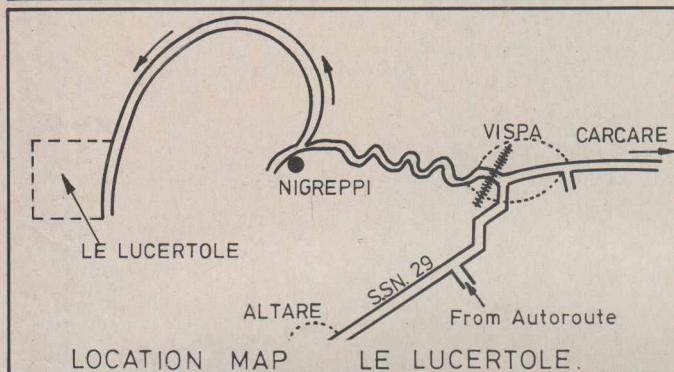
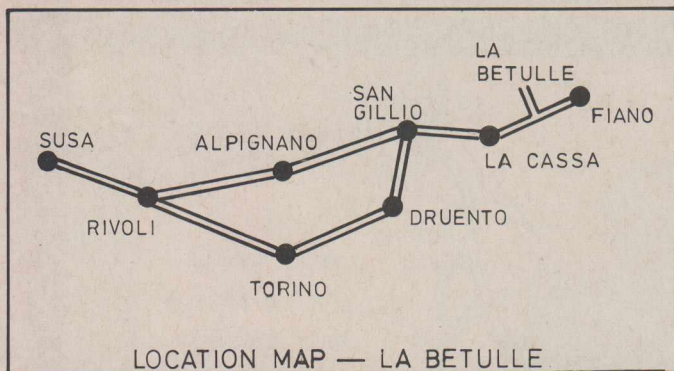
La Betulle

Open nearly all the year round, La Betulle has room for 50 tents and 25 caravans. They have a small number of rooms to let and as well as a kitchen to cook your own meals, you can buy meals already prepared. Drinks are available and I.N.F cards obligatory.

Postal address: La Betulle, B.P. No. 1, 10040 La Cassa, Turin, Italy. Tel: (011) 9842819.



SICILY



Le Lucertole

This comparatively large club has room for 35 tents, 35 caravans, four bungalows and also has rooms to let. It is 18km from Savona and facilities include ten showers, eight toilets, camping-gas, a club-house, a grocer's, and cooking facilities. I.N.F. cards are obligatory and they ban single men.

Postal address: Le Lucertole, P.O. Box 249, 17 100 Savona, Italy. Phone numbers: (010) 509 006, (010) 412 479, (019) 804 187.

5

Facilities include a club-house, a kitchen, a grocer's shop and drinks available.

Postal address: Cà le Scope, Associazione Naturiste Bolognese, Via Castiglione 25, 1-40124 Bologna, Italy. Tel: (051) 265 963.

For further information about Italian naturism, you may care to write to one or both of the national organisations. These are:

Associazione Naturista Italiana—A.N.I.T.A. Via N. Bixio 32, 1-20129 Milano, Italy. Tel: (02) 208 624 and 271 6896.

Unione Naturisti Italiani—U.N.I. Casella Postale 185, 1-10100 Torino, Italy. Tel: (011) 285 009 and 510 040.

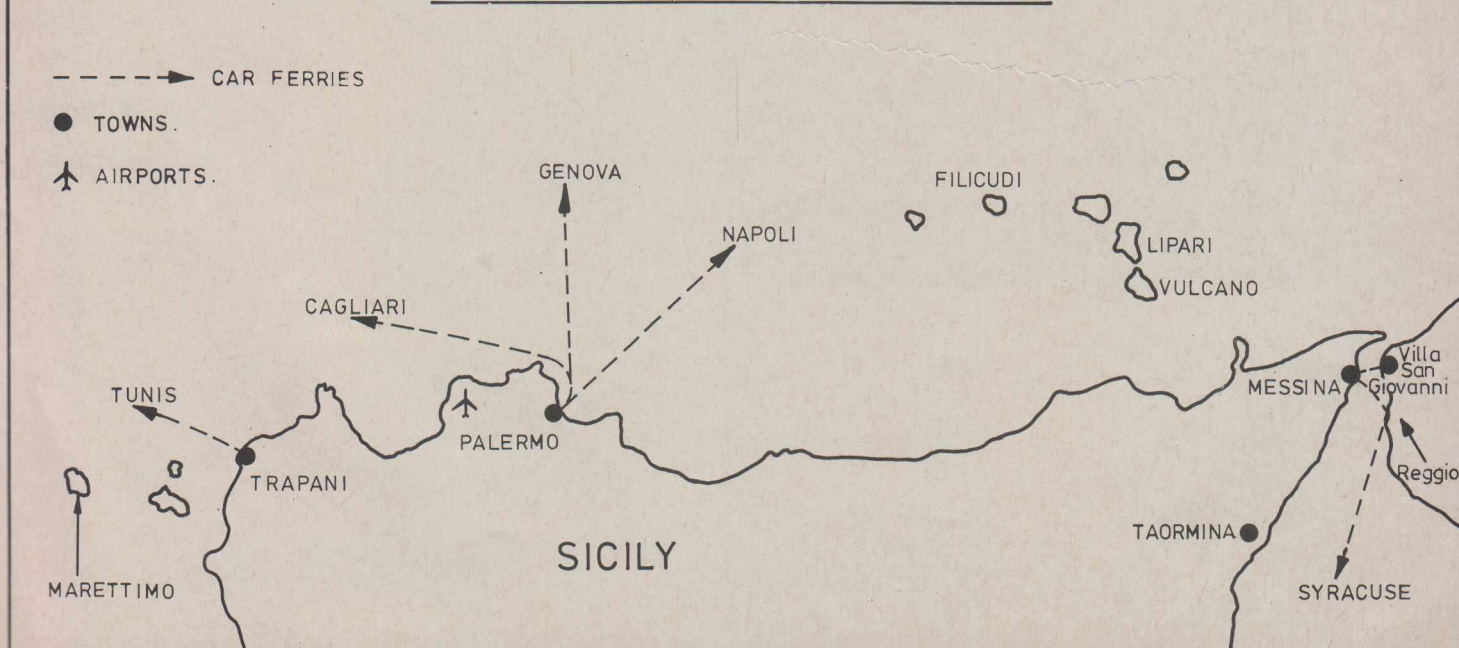
'Cà le Scope'

Open from May to October, Cà le Scope offers room for 50 tents and rooms to let.

6



NORTH SICILY AND ITS ISLANDS.



PORTUGAL, SPAIN and the

Portugal

No naturist grounds, nor official beaches, exist in Portugal. However, the Portuguese Naturist Federation are hopeful that new laws under consideration will be more liberal. Their address is: Federação Portuguesa de Naturismo, Praça de São Bento 31, Lisboa 2.

However, there are two stretches of coastline where nude bathing is almost traditional. It's also traditional to whip your costume back on when the coastguard goes past!

The first stretch is between Sesimbra and Lisbon. Immediately north of Sesimbra is the Praia da Tramagueira (Aldeia do Meco), a favourite meeting place of Lisbon naturists. Nude bathing has also been reported from Praia de la Vista and Lagoa da Albufeira, slightly further north.

The second stretch is known as the Algarve, on the south-west corner of Portugal. Try the beach 12km east from Sagres. You may have to walk from the N125. Further along the road is the village of Albufeira, and bathing takes place directly south of the village. The Praia de Falesia is very well-known. From Quarteira proceed to the village called Villamoura, then take the footbridge from the marina. Continue along the beach.

Spain

Although you are still not advised to risk the Spanish beaches (some British holiday-makers were recently fined £50 each for nude sun-bathing) naturism seems to be taking off in Spain. There are now

two established camping sites and a naturist village is under construction.

Club Catala

This club was legally authorised on 13th December last year—a grand Christmas present! They are 70km south of Le Perthus, France, and 98km north of Barcelona, near the same motorway. The nearest airport is the Gerona-Costa Brava airport. They are 40km from the sea but will take you to the unofficial naturist beaches.

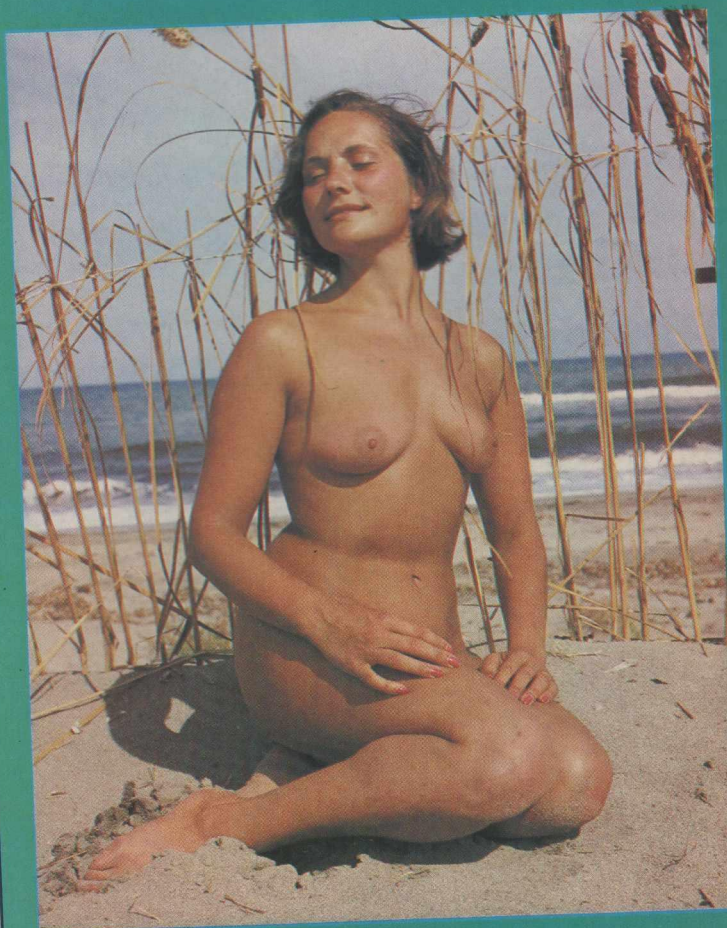
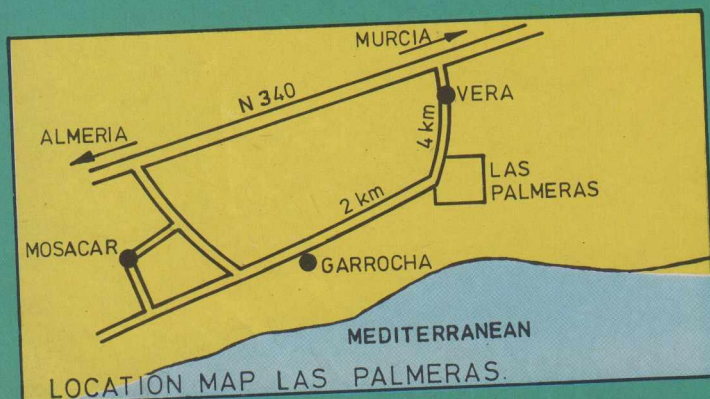
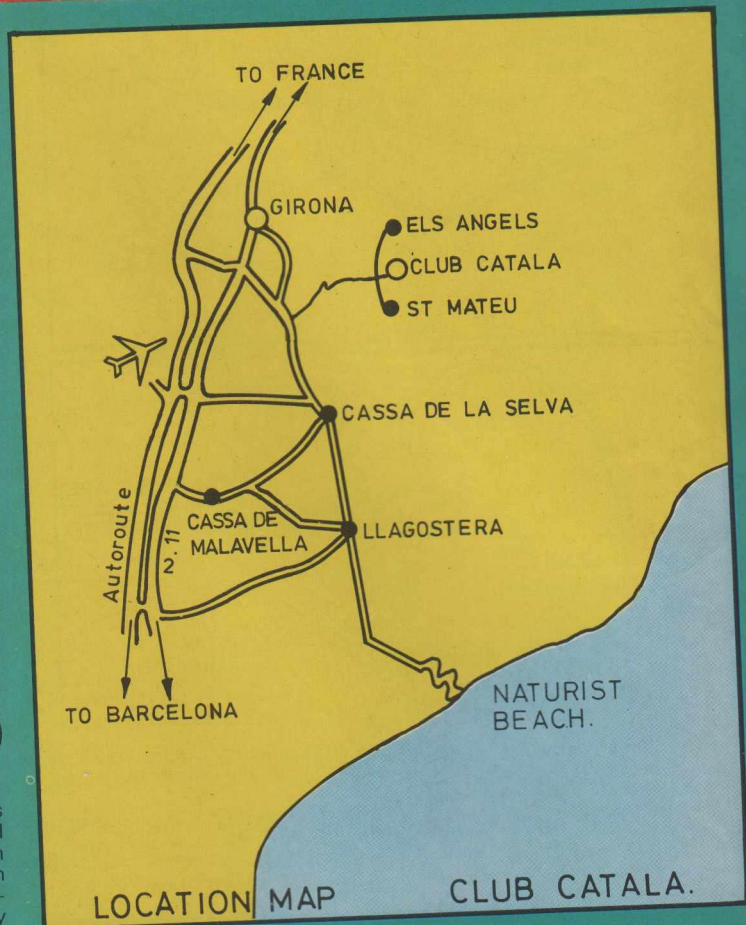
As well as camping and caravaning, they have a new swimming-pool, games courts and a supermarket. The fees charged are very reasonable, children are half price while babies (up to five years old) are allowed free. They will also sell you your own plot on the site.

Postal address: Club Catala de Naturisme, Apartat 5326, Barcelona. Tel: (93) 215 60 39.

Las Palmeras

This site is so far south it offers naturist activities all the year round. Lovely!

Facilities include camping, places for 400 caravans, rooms to let and caravans to let. They have an outdoor pool, surrounded by palm trees, and a heated indoor pool—as well as a bar and restaurant. They are very proud of being the first official site in Spain. There's a sauna, a club-house and a library. I.N.F. cards are obligatory, but you



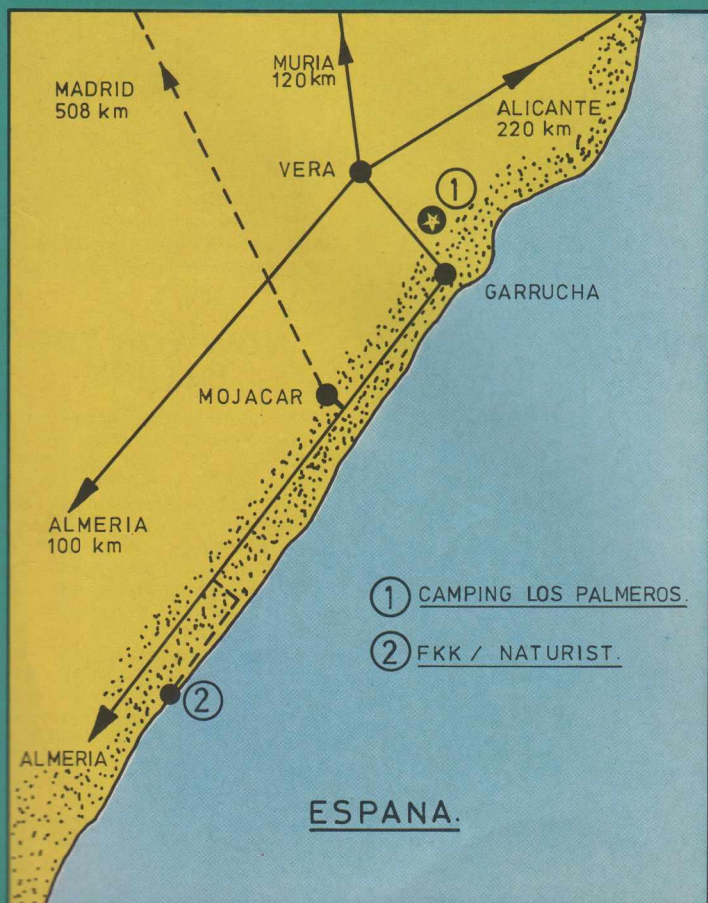
CANARIES



Well-appointed Spanish villa.



We'd heard that Spanish naturism was unusual, but !



can buy temporary membership for your stay. Unfortunately—no single men.

Postal address: Camping Las Palmeros, Garrucha (Almeria), Apartado 47, Spain.

Costa Natura, Estepona

Great plans are afoot for this site—but at our time of going to press, only one show bungalow has actually been completed. The architect's models for the site look wonderful—no roads, just delightful gardens in between typically Spanish buildings.

However, the bungalows are expensive to buy and there's no camping on the site. You can visit the beach, but there is a charge made. The beach is enclosed and, we understand, quite private.

Nearly as far south as Gibraltar, the climate here is superb for naturism and we watch developments at Costa Natura with great interest.

For further details, write to Costa Natura, Estepona, Costa del Sol, Spain, or to the Federacion Espanola de Naturismo, Castel del Rey 99, Apartado 301, Almeria.

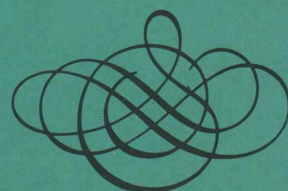
The Canary Islands

Although Spanish, naturism has long been tolerated in the Canaries and now at least one beach is official. The climate is ideal

for naturism in the winter, so in fact, if you can stand the heat, you get a cheaper holiday in summer. But ideally, if you can afford a second holiday, take it in January in the Canaries.

On the southern side of Gran Canaria, naturists have been sunbathing for years, between Playa des Ingles and Maspalomas. The beach is huge and wide and backed by sand-hills. Walk to the beach from either the east or west end.

Nudists have been bathing for many years from the south-west corner of Lanzarote island and also on the north-east and south-west sides of Fuerteventura island. Further details about the south of island from: Club Marabu, c/o G. Pfenninger, Jandia, Fuerteventura.



SARDINIA

Although so close to the liberal Corsica, Sardinia is definitely Italian bandit country! Only one beach is vaguely approaching 'official'. However, if you are on a sailing holiday, or can hire a boat, you're laughing. So many secluded bays can only be approached by boat. Find one a reasonable distance from civilisation and you'll be able to sunbathe for days before any-one notices you. Meanwhile:

Location 10 and 10A

Two beaches just north of Villasimius. To find 'Costa Rej', drive south towards Castiadas and turn left at a sign saying 'Capo Ferrato'. Some naturists stop actually at the Cape, but you can also turn right at the sign saying 'Monte Nai'. Drive 6km past the Beach Club to the camping beyond. Walk south for 1km. Costa Rej has been known and recommended for years.

Location 10A is a beach called Puntis Molentis. Follow the road marked 'Al Mare' from Villasimius. Take the turning north towards Cala della Marina. After 2km, turn left onto a dirt track. Park. On the left of the ruin are many rocks; scramble over these to the beach. Suitable more for the adventurous than for young children.

Location 11. Punta Coda Cavallo

It's worthwhile exploring all the coves and islands around the Point.

On the Cala di Volpe road turn right onto a dirt track with the sea on your left at the sign 'Spiaggia Liscia Ruja'. After 1.5km park by the second footpath—walk about 150 metres to a series of fine sandy bays between the rocks. Trees line the shore for shade, the gentle beach is good for snorkelling, and children love it there.

Location 11A

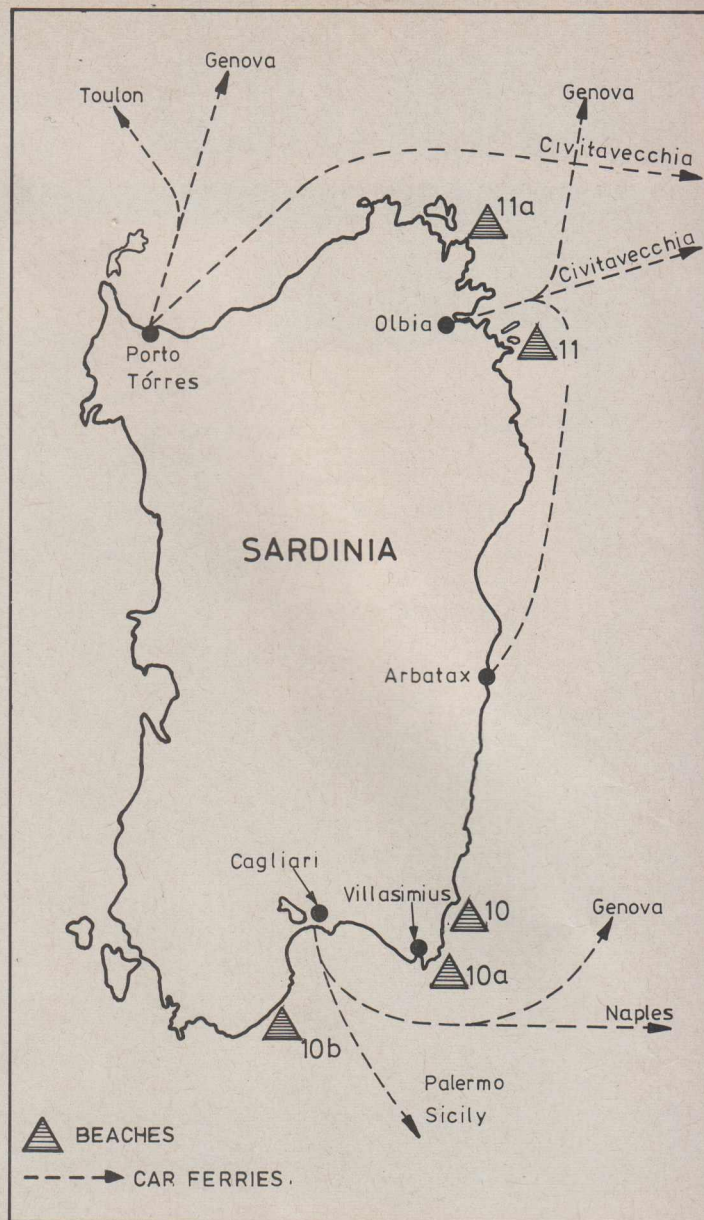
Near the town of Palau is 'Villaggio Camping Baja Saraceno'. At the back of the camp

site is a gate bearing the notice 'Riservato F.K.K.' The beach is cramped with only about 20 metres of sea-shore between rocks.

Location 10B

A lot of nude bathing is going on around the Torre di Chia Tower. You can park by the tower and walk 750 metres east. The land is flat, with a split and islets in the shallow water. The east end of the second islet is recommended.

Or before reaching the tower, you can turn right to the car park 200 metres on your left, and then walk 1km along the textile beach.



Go over the hill to a cove with trees for shade and its own cave.

Locations 12, 13 and 14

Despite many midnight hours of toil, our researchers can find no reports on these locations. Have any readers any recollections of Camping Porto Pozzo, or Camping Tarquinia or Camping Valledoria?

NOW FOR THE FUTURE

The future will bring you more of these special souvenirs. We are determined to cover the entire naturist holiday world and to bring you the best and most up to date information. We want you to help. How? Simply by letting us know what you have discovered in the way of naturist facilities and how to get to them. We will pass on the information to our readers.

No matter where you live, France, Germany, U.S.A., Brazil or whatever. No matter what language you use, it's all the same to us. Let us know what you discover. And if possible let us have pictures, sketches or maps. You don't have to be an expert.

Finally, make a point of collecting these special souvenirs and in the end we think you will possess the most up to date and comprehensive guide to naturism ever published.



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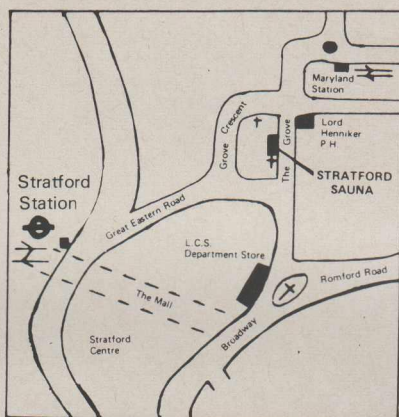
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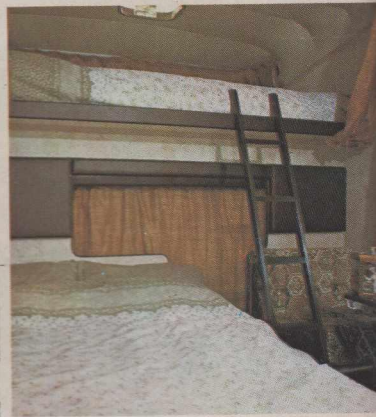
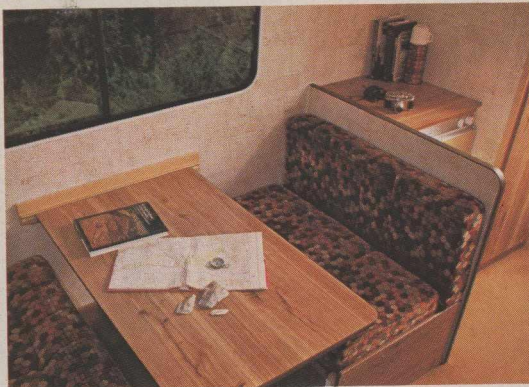


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H&E

ISTRIAN DIP

If you haven't been to Yugoslavia before, you will find this article by Trevor Brown full of good advice. He tells you what to expect and even gives some hints on what you can take with you. But if you forget something, you can also hire it. His best tale concerns the unusual F.K.K. Control, ruthlessly patrolling the beach.

THIS year, would be different. In the past our journeys had taken us to parts of the Mediterranean where topless or nude sunbathing was frowned upon. In order to keep out of the local jails we had to try to find a quiet cove to strip, always, looking over our shoulders. With no one else nearby it was indeed a lonely existence.

There are two ways to approach a naturist holiday for the first time; either jump in with both feet or dip your toes gradually. We chose the latter—only our toes would risk the water. Our shelter for two

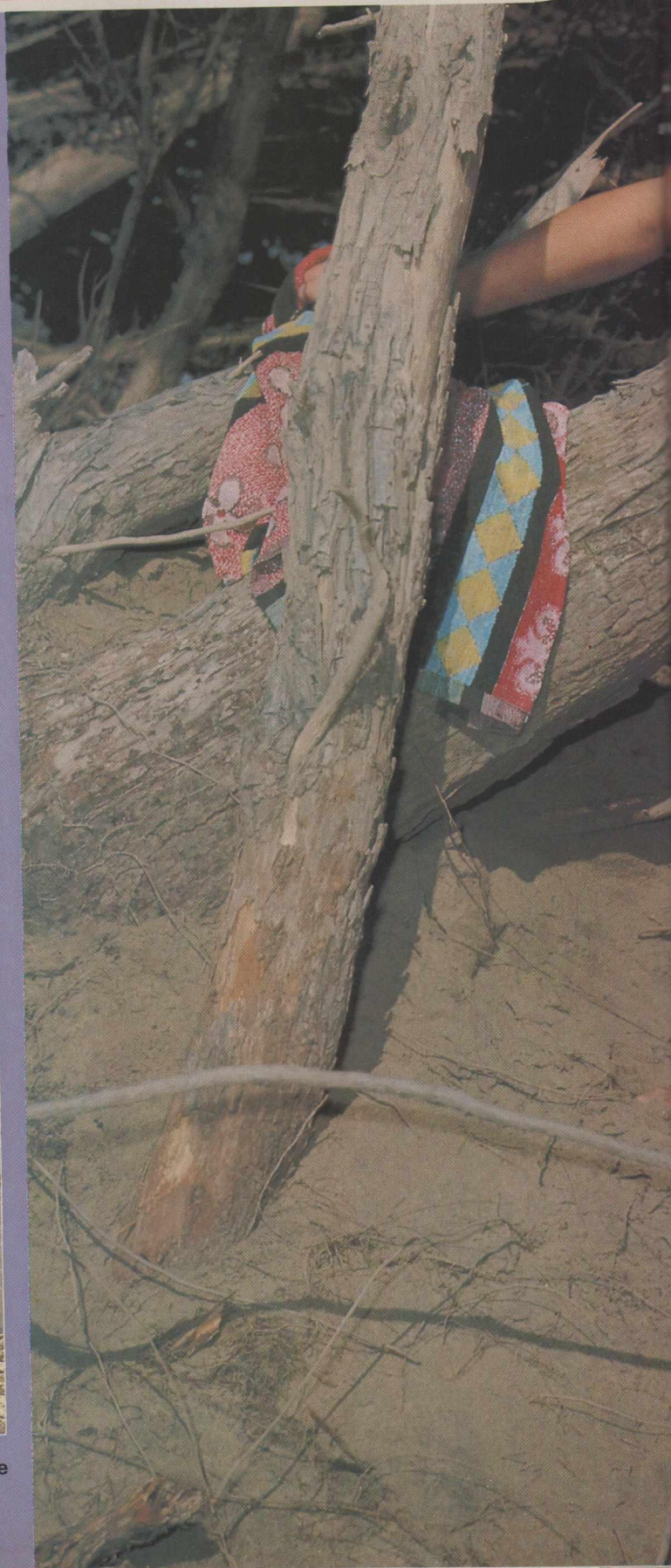
weeks would be a 'textile' hotel on the Istrian peninsula with the benefit of naturist facilities a short walk away over a nearby hill.

The 'Delfin' hotel lay on a small hill surrounded by trees, six kilometres south of Porec. It was the largest hotel in the Plava Laguna complex. Apart from the usual facilities of bars, lounges and a large restaurant the hotel provided a medical and dental service. The former service was to prove invaluable in treating holiday-makers who had trodden on sea urchins!

We decided right away to try to find the whereabouts of the



The author. He does not tell us a lot about his wife—we assume this is she!



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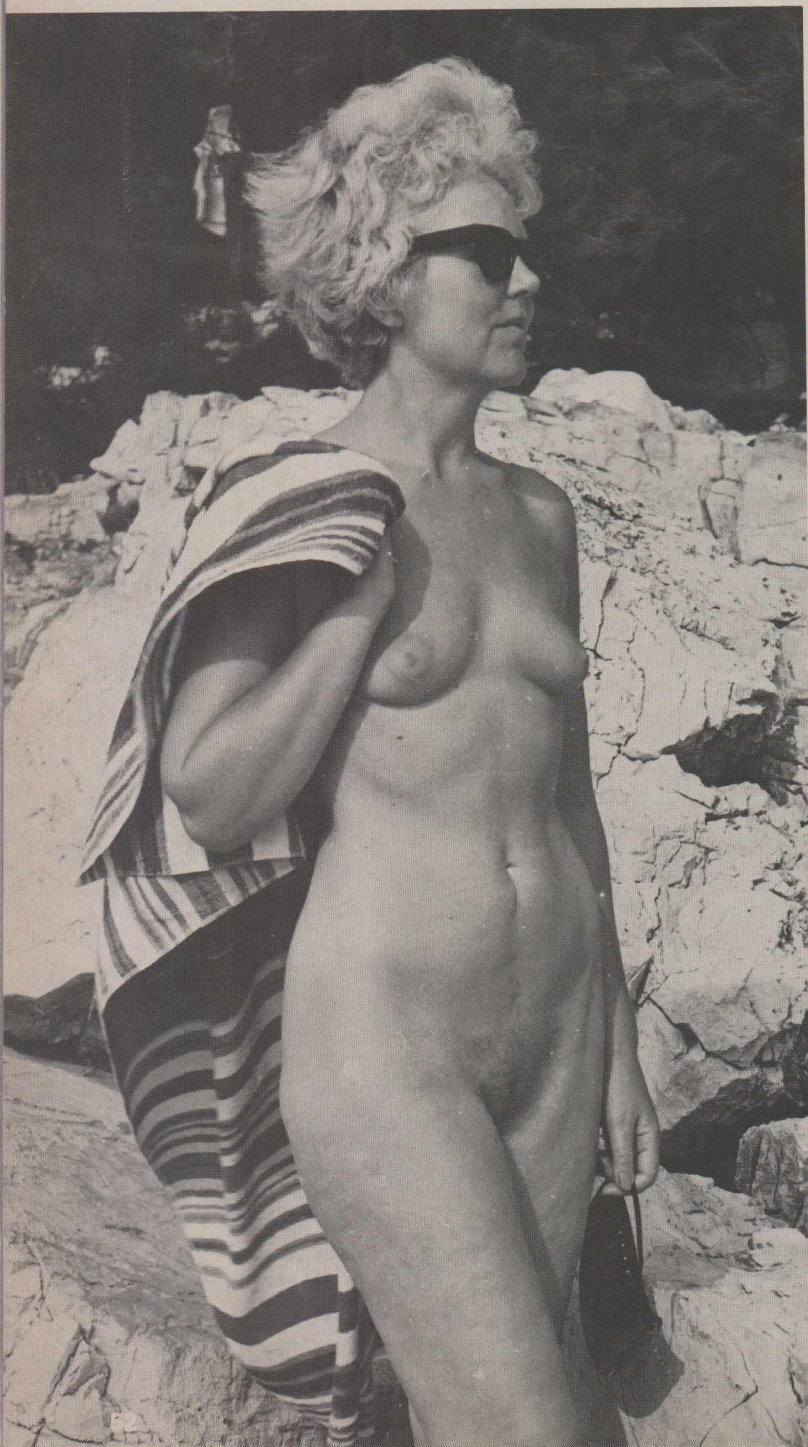


The handsome cruiser speeds to the islands.

nearby naturist beach. 'Over the hill' we were told by one of the locals and so we followed the rough footpath through an autocamp. Beyond this, the path became narrower and we had our doubts as to whether we had been given the right directions. We began to wish we'd brought hiking boots! Stumbling along under the heat of the afternoon sun, we reached the crest of the hill.

Now to our delight it was all downhill to the sea. It was, however, impossible to look at the scenery. Failure to watch your step often resulted in stumbling on the rocky uneven path. It was not until we reached a footpath following the coastline that the journey became easier.

Raising our heads for the first time we could see that we



You soon make friends in Yugoslavia.



were now in the nudist area. The coastal trail was much easier to follow and having located the beach there was nothing further that could be done that day.

There was no charge to enter this nudist area which was south-east of the Hotel Delfin. A rusting sign that had long parted from its pole advised sightseers and walkers in five languages that from there on nudism was permitted.

Naturists were lying quite close by enjoying the September sun. The beach stretched for several miles along the indented coastline but the most popular spot was that closest to the hotel complex and the autocamp. Most people just looked for a convenient place to sunbathe with reasonable access to the sea. There



Sit in the sun as you approach the shore.



Always wear sandals on those rocks.

was no point carrying airbeds and heavy bags for a long distance unless a little peace and quiet was desired. For us, however, it was nice to mix with people of other nationalities apart from our own. We were not packed together like sardines though—there was plenty of room for everyone.

Most days, we travelled the rocky and stony coastal path to just within the boundary of the nudist area. Although the coast had an occasional inlet

where a pebble beach sloped gently into the sea, there were large areas with razor sharp rocks which climbed abruptly from the sea.

Here was no exception. The rocks on this headland were platformed. The lower slopes were fairly well protected from the wind whereas the upper level had a more comfortable grassy covering and was fanned by the sea breeze. They were ideal for sunbathing but it was advisable to have an airbed or

something similar to make it comfortable. These could be hired from the Plava Laguna Sports Centre or bought from the local supermarket.

We had purchased two P.V.C. airbeds before leaving home. They only weighed half a kilo and were ideal for air travel. It was also advisable to have a pair of plastic sandals not only for walking over the rocks but also for swimming as this area was prone to sea urchins.

A small refreshment caravan

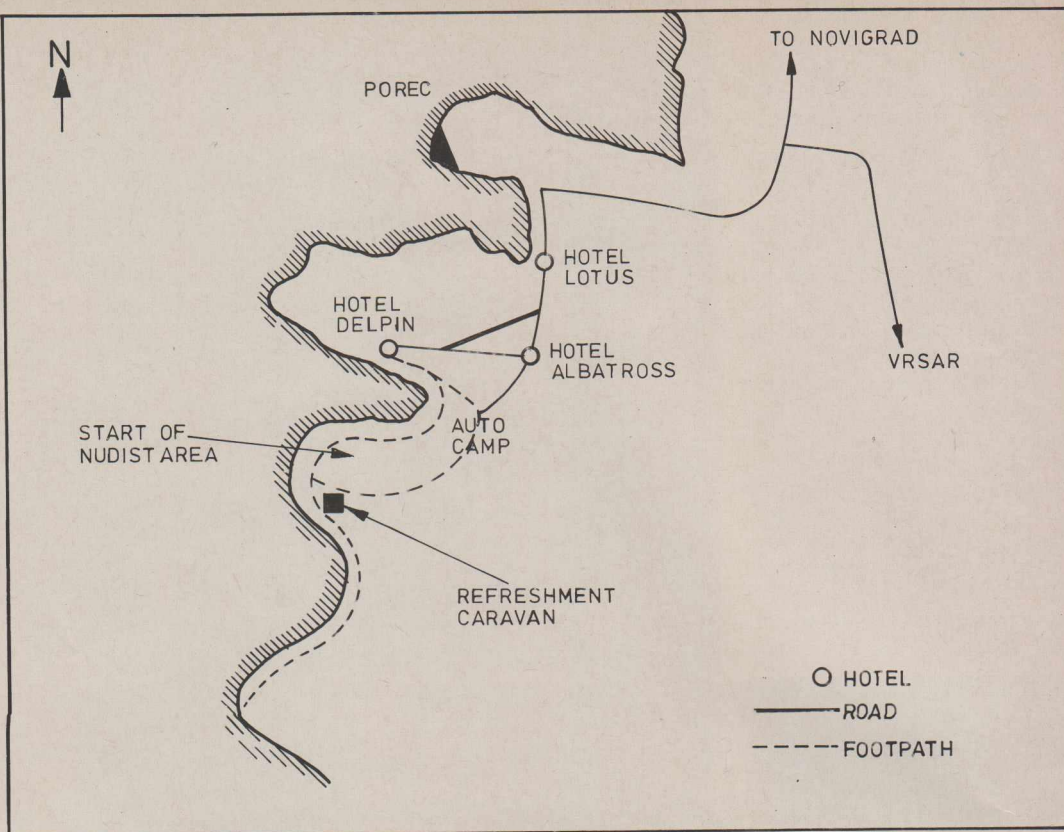
was situated nearby close to a pebble beach and for a modest charge provided alcoholic or soft drinks to satisfy the demanding thirst of the holiday-makers. The opening hours depended somewhat on the weather but usually it was open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. every day.

The pleasant young Yugoslavian girl supplying this service also had a small area under the shade of the trees. Here you could sit and drink at no extra charge in comfort admiring the small craft passing to and fro on the calm, blue Adriatic sea. When there were no customers she was to be seen busily knitting!

It was easy for us to discard our bathing costumes and feel the warmth of the sun on those parts which had never before seen the light of day. Any *uncomfortable feeling we may have had soon left us*. It did not take long to make friends. We met not only those who belonged to clubs in this country but also those who, like us, were experiencing nudism for the first time. Having this in common seemed to make people much friendlier and we were amazed at their warmth and sincerity.

After the first morning we had an inner feeling of satisfaction that 'we were now truly enjoying ourselves. Why we had not discovered naturism before? There was nothing to it!

On wandering back to the hotel we passed many couples on the textile beach who were



trying to tan as much of their bodies as possible whilst still wearing bikinis and swimming trunks. It must have proved very difficult for them to cover their 'modesty' and still tan the maximum. Straps were pulled this way and that and without doubt any slight movement would have revealed all. We felt pleased that we'd cracked that problem!

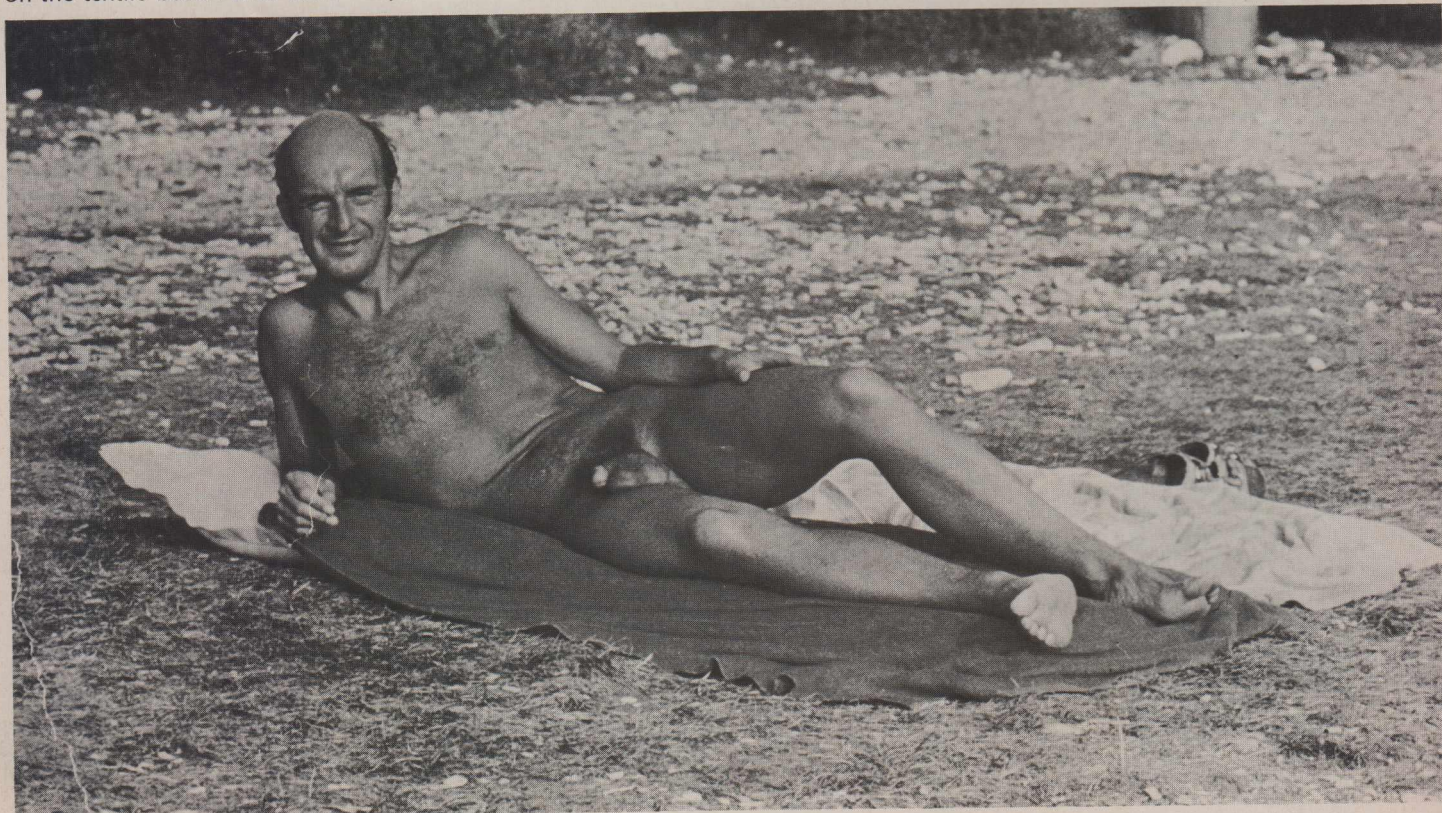
At the sports centre near the hotel you could also hire bicycles at 25 dinas, canoes

35 dinas, windsurfers 70 dinas and small motor boats. Water-ski-ing was 920 dinas for ten lessons.

Often whilst the mind was drifting after an enjoyable lunch the boats would drone by. The peace was sometimes disturbed by the curious who came round in the motor boats. They would persist in trying to talk to each other above the roar of the engine, which meant that they had to shout. Believe it or not their conversation could easily

be heard from the shore. Many had comments of one sort or another to make. One group was heard to remark 'Cor! Look at her. She's well endowed.' I looked around at the wife but she was lying on her front reading a book!

This mild curiosity did not seem to upset the naturists. On the contrary they waved back. There were several sorties also along the coastal route to seek a closer look. When they could see that we did not have horns



The author, tanned after his conversion to naturism.

and were just like them they never bothered to return unless it was to join us.

In an effort to keep order on the beach there was a mongrel which looked as though it had seen better times. Now bedraggled and thin it was patrolling up and down with a piece of string around its neck from which was hanging a cardboard sign marked 'F.K.K. Control'. Whether it was a deterrent is open to debate but he obviously had plenty of exercise and enjoyed the odd scraps thrown to it by sympathisers.

The dog was followed by a young boy and his father. The young boy was pointing out the new naturists. This was of course quite noticeable. Indeed, from a distance several people looked as though they had white costumes on—or pink ones. On holiday people seem to have no time to acclimatise themselves and are prepared to suffer considerable pain in order to tan all over.

The sea was warm and very clear and ideal either for idle swimming or the more energetic snorkelling. Our first experience of swimming naked in the sea was exhilarating. But—beware of the sea urchins! Apart from that, this is an area to be recommended for a first look at naturism and the Delfin Hotel is an ideal springboard.

The hotel was suitable for young and old alike. A nightly discotheque, free for those resident in the hotel, for the more robust. For those who just wanted a chat or drink with friends the many bars and lounges provided the ideal setting. The restaurant was large and the food of good quality. It paid one to arrive on time for lunch and dinner to ensure a good choice from the menu and a hot meal. On full board it would cost about £200 for two weeks in the high season—very reasonable. The hotel also had a Terrace Grill which served Yugoslavian dishes such as Cevapcici (small sausages of spiced minced meat) and Raznici (small kebabs of veal or pork).

For OUR first experience we thoroughly enjoyed it and are now converted. What of next year I hear you ask?

You will find us at a true naturist hotel.

(Readers are reminded that H.&E. Leisure Group will again be organising holidays for the summer of 1981. If interested write to The Editor, 23/24 Smithfield Street, London E.C.1. This offer applies to the United Kingdom only.—Ed.)



His lady doesn't look *too* exhausted after trekking to the beach.



INVICTA SUN CLUB

Invicta is one of our older and smaller clubs. However, it does provide for a limited number of visitors. And being so close to the busy tourist port of Dover, it must appeal to our French and German readers especially. Here Lance Ridgeway describes the club and gives any intending visitor an idea of what a holiday there would cost. There follows a short sketch describing a visitor's reactions written for us by Kay Webb a long time member of the club.

INVICTA is a naturist club rather than a holiday centre. Nevertheless they can take some visitors. It lacks the tourist directed facilities of, for instance, the Bournemouth or South Hants Clubs.

It is an old club and through the years has aimed at giving its members peace, quiet and relaxation. Anyone who has spent even a day there will know it has succeeded re-

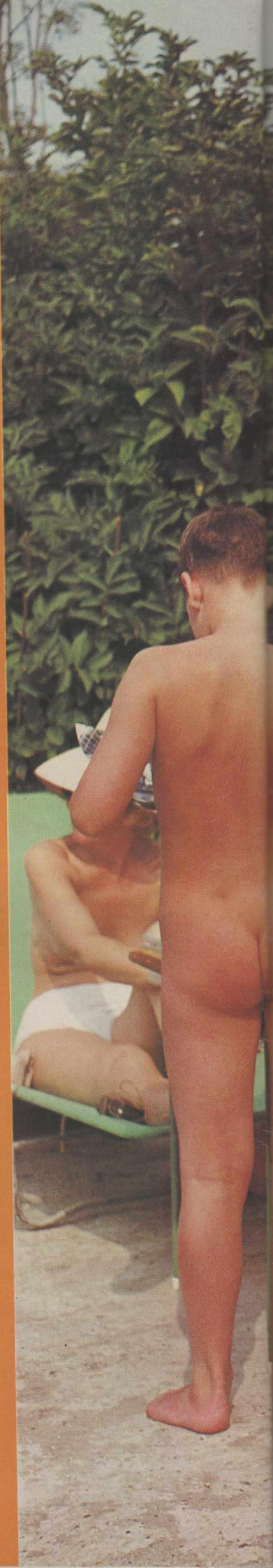
markably.

But because it is different from the holiday resort, it appeals to many discriminating visitors. A members' club where the members always form the majority has an atmosphere quite different. The vast majority of those present at any time know each other. They easily accept and welcome a stranger.

The club has been formed by clearing areas in a pine

forest which was originally planted to provide pit props for the few Kent Coal Mines. The major clearing is near the centre. Here you will find a modern swimming pool, reasonably large sun lawns and of course the club pavilion.

In other parts of the woods areas have been cleared to accommodate the members' chalets or to provide level ground for tents.







Members spread the word on a local beach.

Invicta provides the best of both worlds. You can, if you wish, join the rest of the community in the pool or on the sun lawns in front of the pavilion. Or, if you want to get away from the crowd this is perfectly easy.

The club grounds are small—as befits this friendly, cosy, members' club. All told there are only four acres or roughly 1½ hectares. In all there are about 30 chalets and caravans on the site. However, these belong to the members and are not for hire.

Around 300 people are fortunate enough to call themselves members, but fortunately,

they don't all turn up at the same time. Should they do so the facilities would be severely taxed.

The club finds from experience that it can usually provide room for two touring caravans at any one time. With luck they can let visitors use about five camping sites. However, this year there is better news. Because of the limited space available in the past the club has now converted one of their pavilions so that it now has an additional three cabins for letting.

These have sinks and cooking facilities. If like me you are getting a bit tired of the

chore of putting up ever more difficult frame tents, this is a very welcome development. The cabins provide what might be called 'camping' accommodation, but without the hard work. Nothing is more likely to fray the temper, I find, than struggling with an obstructive tent after a hard day's journey. Cabins are great—you just move in.

In the main pavilion you can get light snacks but there is no full meals service. And even there the light refreshments are only available when the club is in full action—which is mainly at the week-ends.

Also you should note that

the club does not provide self-catering facilities except in the cabins we have just mentioned. And, since the club is some distance from the nearest stores, you would be well advised to bring at least a day or two's food with you.

Remember especially that you just can't drive into this club. There is no full time resident caretaker. If you intend to visit Invicta to stay you must write beforehand to:

The Secretary,
The Firs,
Sutton-by-Dover,
Kent,
United Kingdom.

How much will it cost you to stay at Invicta? Here are the 1980 fees. You should allow for inflation if you are thinking of a holiday in the summer of 1981.

If you just want to go there for a day visit the charge will be £1. If you are a visitor staying there overnight, the charge is £2 per night up to 14 nights. If you bring a tent and your car the cost of camping is £1.50 per day for the whole family. If you have to erect a second tent because your family is so large, then you only pay an extra 50 pence per day. And this includes your car. If you have no car and only a very small tent they will charge you



only £1 per day.

If you bring your own touring caravan it is going to cost you £2 per day for the whole family. If, however, you erect an awning or want a tent as well as your van you will pay an extra 50p per day.

You will need keys to the gate and for these the club has to ask you for a deposit of £7.50. The steepness of the charge is probably mostly to make sure you remember to return the keys when you leave. Then you get your money back in full.

And lastly what about the cabins we mentioned earlier. These will cost you £20 a week, or if you are only staying for three consecutive nights—then the charge is only £10. You should note carefully that while the cabins include sinks and cooking stoves and bunk beds you have to bring your own bedding, towels, etc.

The charges given here are those that apply to visitors only. If you are interested in becoming a member of the club you should write to the Secretary at the address given previously.

Over the past 20 years or so I have visited Invicta several times. From personal knowledge I can strongly recommend it to those who want a really pleasant and restful sojourn.



The club also has its own pool.



The sun-bathing lawn.

KAY
WEBB

EN ROUTE

'Are you staying here long?'

A pair of bronzed muscular shoulders heaved themselves out of the clear blue pool where I sat dabbling my feet in the warm water in the evening sunlight.

'No,' he said, 'Only the week-end. Off to Agde in the morning.'

'Mind you,' he continued, 'If I had my way we wouldn't have all that mileage in front of us. We'd stay on here for the whole three weeks.'

We sat silent for a few minutes on the poolside comforted by the sun now sinking over the fields of yellow corn which stretched away over the boundary hedge.

Eight o'clock. I felt hungry but too lethargic and at peace to bother about going to our

tent for an evening meal. Yet.

I mused on the unique position of this small club. 'Invicta near Deal and Dover', according to the I.N.F. Guide. True enough. Barely audible over the evening song of the blackbird was the low roar of the hovercraft making yet another trip to the Continent. But whether it was out of Dover or from the Hoverlloyd base at Pegwell Bay to the north I could not make out. The bay, Sandwich and Ramsgate could be clearly seen from the front gate as I had arrived.

'Have you been here before?' asked my France-bound friend.

'Once or twice,' I replied. 'I find it an ideal spot both for sunning and for visiting this corner of England. I've been to three beaches within five or

six miles of here where you can get a good nudist swim too. With discretion, of course.'

'Of course,' he echoed.

'This is marvellous at the end of a 300-mile trip,' he continued. 'Lovely to get out of the car, strip off, swim and relax after a journey like that.'

I agreed. This five-acre site in what was once thick pine woods had been growing over the past 25 years. A non-profit making members' club, it had been slowly improving its facilities and games courts over the decades and now made a second home on summer weekends for over a hundred families. Holiday membership was reasonable and a place had been found for a couple of short-stay caravaneers and four or five visiting campers.

Small but very friendly.

And just the thing for an overnight stop when catching a boat the next morning. Fifteen minutes comfortably to the dock gates. Yes, I could certainly recommend it. Especially if one was on the move. There had been a lot of activity since I was here last. The old pavilion had been renovated and converted into three self-contained cabins for hire by members or visitors. An ideal arrangement for the traveller seeking an early morning start to the port. Naturally one had to write to the secretary beforehand, but you'd do that with friends anyhow, and what was one more letter when making bookings for a holiday.

Shadows crept over where I was sitting and, getting up,



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I ambled over the sunlawn to the main pavilion still in the glare of the setting sun.

I settled myself comfortably on a bench.

Yes, it was peaceful. The busiest corner of Britain for two months of the year as holiday-makers converged on the Channel ports, but here, so near, was good old Invicta . . .

Warm and contented, I dozed. It seemed a pity that we too were booked on that early morning boat.





Kate. Our author in all her glory at Agde.

HOW NOT TO MAKE A NATURIST FILM...

Kate Sturdy gives us a humorous review of the trials and tribulations which went into the making of 'Let's Go Naked'—Adam Clapham's breakthrough T.V. film which was seen by ten-and-a-half million viewers when shown on B.B.C.1. The 23-year-old 'film star by accident' became a naturist by mistake and is now 'hooked as a result', Kate is the student teacher who took a short job as a typist for a travel agency and ended up 'taking off' in a big way.



Making the T.V. film. Second from left—Henry Berney.



I WAS watching a re-run of the B.B.C. T.V. film 'Let's Go Naked' on Henry's video screen the other day. He brought the tape into the office to show some new staff members. Henry turned round and asked, 'Do you remember when that film was made?' Did I remember? I could hardly forget! My mind quickly recalled some of the incidents which made us think the film would never get made.

I should explain. Henry M. Berney, well-known in the nudist movement, was the gentleman I went to work for as a 'temp' in the summer of 1978. His company 'See Europe Tours' specialise in nudist holidays. The idea of working for such a firm amused me, but little did I think that I would be joining the millions of nudists myself. After all I was just there to type letters!

My interest was aroused though, and I found myself questioning other members of the staff about their nudist holidays.

'Were you embarrassed? Did people stare at you? What are the other people like? Don't you get burnt on delicate parts?' They all fell into raptures about the pleasures of having the sun radiating all over your body; the thrilling sensation of swimming in the nude and most

important, the freedom of human expression, devoid of embarrassment and hang-ups.

These people all seemed perfectly normal. The clients who visited the office seemed normal too. What was it that made me so wary at the thought of nudism? You see, I was beginning to fancy a holiday in the sun and Henry had offered me a discount on the fares as a staff member. But the

thought of exposing my body, spare tyre and all, was too much to contemplate.

But it is strange how things turn out, how people can change one's ideas quite unexpectedly. One day, into the office walked Adam Clapham, a B.B.C. T.V. producer. He was planning to make a documentary on nudism and wondered whether he could enlist Henry's help. Of course

we were all delighted to assist, not for one moment imagining the problems to come.

I never thought I would be in the film, but there was some discussion about interviewing a first-time nudist—and as you could imagine most first-time nudists are too absorbed and nervous about getting undressed let alone acting for T.V. There seemed to be some confusion in the office at one



Seeing the film later, one would never imagine the traumas that went into its making.

point—I don't quite know how it happened—but I walked out one day clutching a return ticket to Cap D'Agde (the largest naturist resort in France) and a bottle of sun tan oil. I guess I just lost grip of my senses—it all seemed so unreal!

Before filming in France, Adam Clapham wanted to see how naturists enjoyed themselves. Henry volunteered to take Adam to a club so he could see naturism at its best. They both arrived at noon on Sunday—the coldest, wettest Sunday of that summer!

After a short walk around the grounds, Henry collapsed at Adam's feet. He was suffering from a stone in the kidney and had to be carried away to his caravan—leaving Adam to make what he could of the place. It was virtually deserted except for a few hardy visitors, peering bleakly out from their anoraks and overcoats. I'm sure this was not the glamorous image of sun and fitness which we associate with naturism. After his recovery, Henry suggested that Adam and the film crew should do some photography at the Bournemouth and District Outdoor Club. This seemed most promising! Blue skies accompanied the merry crew to Bournemouth. The

photographic equipment was set up. The outlook was sunny and naturists were doing what they like doing best, swimming, playing sports or generally making the most of their leisure time. Then suddenly, naturism's most formidable enemy, the weather, played a nasty trick. The heavens opened yet again. Within minutes, the only person left to photograph was a naked man testing the water with his big toe, while clutching an umbrella in his right hand.

Ignoring the weather's warnings and with the thought that the South of France would prove a much simpler expedition, the B.B.C. sent a researcher to Cap D'Agde to pave the way. Very soon after her arrival, she received ominous reports of threats from local residents.

Because they were naturists of the old school they objected to photographs. An attack was likely to be staged on the film crew. Their cameras and films would be smashed if they dared to venture onto the beach. Adam asked Henry for advice—he could not risk exposing his technical crew to these threats.

Henry offered to sort things out. He enlisted the help of Alice, another secretary at the office who spoke fluent Catalan French and they took off the



The film crew at an English sun-club.

next Friday for France. They spent that week-end seeing all the local V.I.P.'s of Cap D'Agde—the Mayor, the Police Chief, the Fire Chief, the Capitain des Gendarmes, the County Council. All offered their support and promised to accompany the film crew on their rounds. We had visions of a parade of 60 officials forming crocodiles behind the film crew! Even the Mayor of Agde wished to open the B.B.C. film by diving nude into the swimming pool adorned only by his golden chain of office! Imagine the look of horror on Adam's face as Henry reported this to him over the telephone!

'No way!' was his firm response. Adam had other ideas!

It was agreed that I would be interviewed and filmed on the plane to France, fully clothed, of course. Did we think everything would be smooth running from now on? Well, sometimes one is a little over-optimistic!

Firstly, Dan Air, although most happy to accept naturists as passengers raised certain objections to having their name publicly associated with this unconventional type of activity! This explains why the film eventually showed a clip of a Trident taking off from Heathrow whereas I was filmed inside a Dan Air 1-11 departing from Gatwick!

I thought at one stage, though, that I wasn't going to take off at all—in any sense of the word. On the day of departure, I arrived at Gatwick with Alice who was to accompany me on this adventure. Detailed discussions had already taken place about seating arrangements on the plane, accommodating the film crew, briefing the stewardesses, and so on.

But naturally this great day fell bang in the middle of the French air controllers' strike. Due to leave at 10 a.m. we finally set off at 5 p.m., tired, over-anxious and on the wrong plane with an air crew ignorant of our intentions. Imagine the surprise of all on board as the B.B.C. entourage complete with cameras, tripods, lighting, sound equipment and clapperboards, tramped aboard the aircraft.

As it was, the only space available was mid-way back by the emergency exit. The



Enterprising business ladies set out their wares at Agde.

cameras and equipment blocked the gangway—no one could go to the loo, or receive meals. What a mess! I even forgot my fear of flying. I wonder how I managed to open my mouth at all during the filming, and of course, regretted doing so afterwards. Seeing the film later, one would never guess the traumas on board.

By the time we reached Port Nature at Agde it was dark. Alice and I were to stay with a very hospitable gentleman and his 11-year-old son who were holidaying in a villa. These villas are not exactly designed for privacy and I felt anxious about undressing that evening. Should I brazenly strip off in front of all, or should I become a naturist with tomorrow's dawn? Our host courteously disappeared at bedtime and, to my amusement, spent the next morning in his underpants—and I thought this was supposed to be a *natural* way of life!

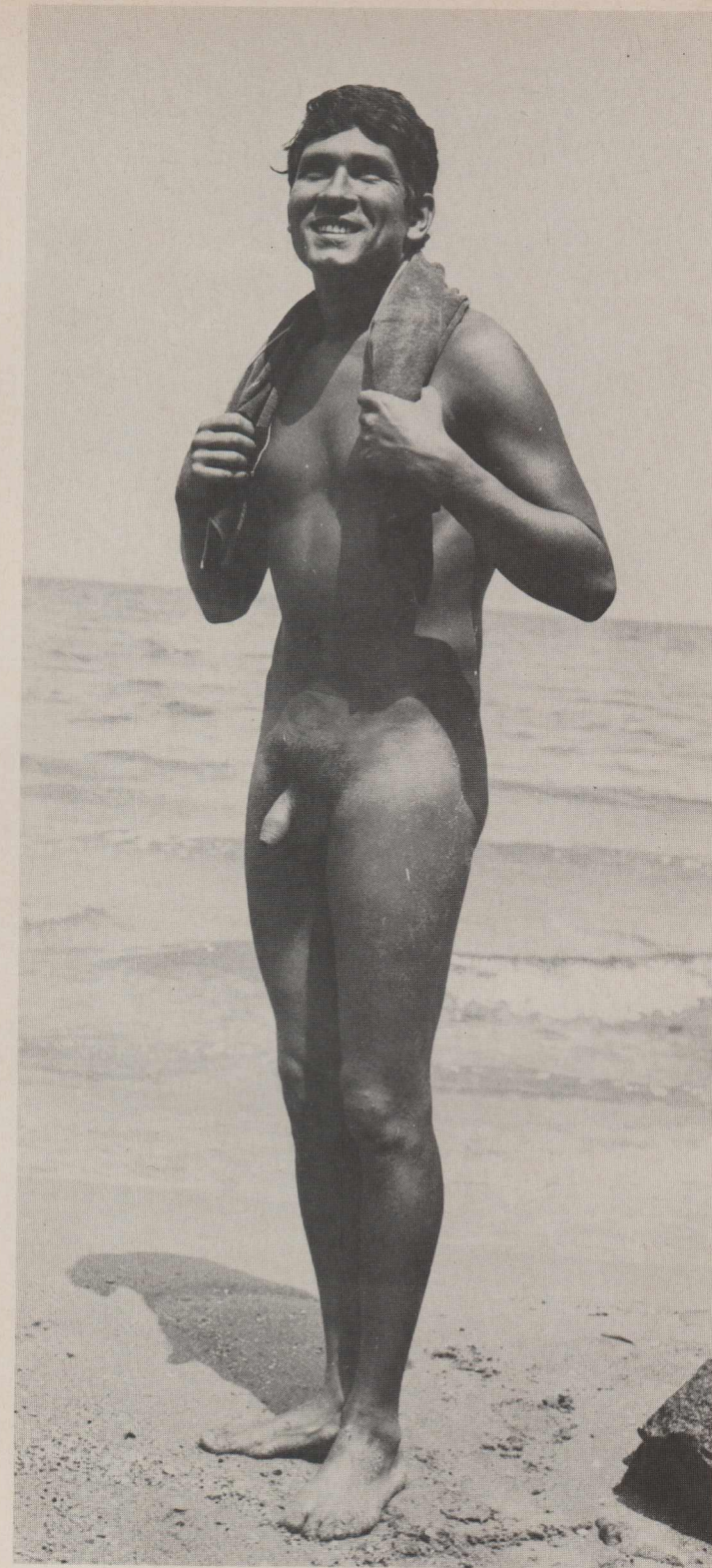
That morning, Alice and I were to meet Henry. He was to take us for a boat ride around the harbour. It was a beautiful, blistering hot day and we ventured out 'au naturel' only to meet Henry wearing a navy blue suit! Well we might have *appeared* innocent, but this really was going too far! Henry explained that he was going to meet the mayor shortly after. We excused him!

On the last day of my holiday, I was asked to join the B.B.C. crew at a nearby cafe in Port Nature. Quickly grabbing my handbag for protection I made my way there, dying a hundred deaths inside. Being naked in front of cameras—the thought was worrying to say the least. I felt totally free and easy after a few days here but to stand vulnerable in front of the clapper-board, later to be so exposed to the front rooms of my friends was an entirely different matter.

Surprising reactions

I was asked to walk round the local boutiques for what seemed an eternity, accompanied by a smashing couple of long-time naturists. Betty Ruoff is a 61-year-old grandmother and a member of the Women's Institute. Her husband Gordon is a retired schoolteacher. They helped to calm my nerves because of their total confidence in themselves as naturists.

As we were walking around, I concentrated hard at pulling in my stomach. 'Walk upright' I said to myself—but what does



'Any room for a male star in this film? How do I look?'

one do about one's backside? I almost leapt out of my skin as the microphone, a lengthy phallic-shaped object was placed four inches in front of my waist. 'What's this? A camera?' I exclaimed. I was then allowed to sit at a cafe table and be interviewed. Thank God I could hide myself behind it. I wasn't a hardened naturist yet! Anyone who's ever been in a nerve-racking situation will know that it's difficult to remember anything you said. I clutched my *creme de menthe* and Stuyvesant and words blurted out. How did it feel to

be naked? Great! What do you feel is so special about it? Freedom. What will my friends' reactions be? God knows. Help!

It is interesting how reactions differ. In some people's opinion, because I had spent a week naked meant I was game for *anything*! Others went silent when I mentioned 'nudity'.

'I've just spent a week naked and I'm going to be in a T.V. documentary on nudism,' I casually mentioned to one friend, a girl I have known since primary school days.

'Oh,' was her reply. Just that. The film's showing last year

must have been the talking point in thousands of offices, factories and shops throughout the country. But we never thought it would prove so important in changing so many lives.

Ian and Janet Richardson, a young and attractive couple from Scarborough knew nothing of naturism until they saw the film. They are now keen naturists, have taken a holiday in Yugoslavia and have since become leading members of the Yorkshire Sun Society.

Many couples too numerous to mention have taken naturist holidays for the first time through the film and say that they will never take 'textile' vacations again.

I have kept in touch with Betty and Gordon Ruoff who have told me of some of the reactions they experienced since the film was shown. Betty was asked to speak to the Women's Institute about naturism (surely a great breakthrough)—but an 80-year-old member in the audience admitted to great disappointment because Gordon kept his shorts on throughout the film. She said it was cheating!

Naked granny

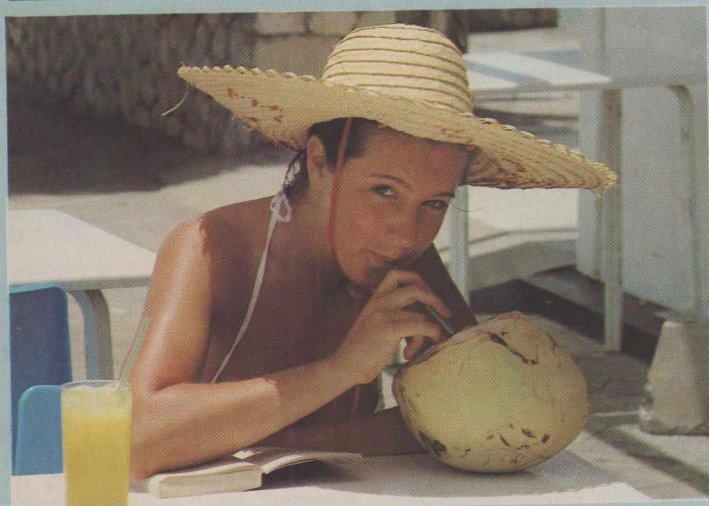
At the place where Betty and Gordon's younger son worked the film was again the topic of conversation the following day. When asked whether he saw the 61-year-old grandmother who appeared naked in the film, the 60-year-old foreman nearly died of astonishment when he casually replied, 'Oh her, that was my mother!'

It is, however, only fair to mention that as a result of the film being shown I know of at least one soul-shattering romance, several new friendships but also one probable divorce.

As for myself, I am now totally at ease with nudity, all my former anxieties have disappeared. I have come to terms with my own nakedness and that of others. There is nothing like being thrown in at the deep end.

The film proved to be a great success, but oh what struggles went before! Adam Clapham won the I.N.F. Press Prize for 1979 and I think he well deserved it. We can only be grateful to the B.B.C. for making this documentary—it was responsible for the BIG breakthrough which helped towards the establishment of Britain's nine naturist beaches—only ten years ago this would have been an impossible dream.

JAMAICA REVISITED



Jane Barry, already well known to H.&E. readers as our world roving model-cum-photographer-cum-reporter has recently visited Jamaica for the second time—this time behind the camera. She took the opportunity of visiting all of the current resorts offering naturist leisure activities. On the same beaches where notable pirates cavorted with Ann Bonney and Mary Read whilst plotting their next raid, German frauleins now cavort nude with Aryan Adonis-type young men in the pursuit of naturist pleasure.

NOW leading the Caribbean league for naturist holidays facilities, Jamaica, Britain's oldest colony in the heart of the Caribbean, boasts a number of new naturist resorts. All are proving increasingly popular with North Americans and Europeans.

Last year I was fortunate enough to spend an idyllic week at Club Caribbean in Runaway Bay at the centre of Jamaica's exotic north coast. The week passed all too quickly and I vowed to return as soon as possible, as I had made up my mind to sample the other resorts dotted around Jamaica's coastline and of which I heard tell whilst sunning myself on the silver sands of Club Caribbean.

Naturism has only reached Jamaican shores in recent years, at least open naturism. It is likely that the European and the former colonial population indulged unofficially on the large sunswept empty beaches. But it is only in recent years, as the result of the large scale European tourist influx, that

particularly German visitors (members of the F.K.K. at home) have reintroduced naturism to the island, much to the surprise and may I say disgust, of the local population who are somewhat bemused as they spend their time trying to keep *out* of the sun.

Following my previous visit to Club Caribbean I went on to visit the U.S.A., travelling from Jamaica to Cypress Cove, Florida, Jim and Pete Hadley's beautiful leisure resort in the heart of Florida. Following a week at Cypress Cove I then spent the next three months touring the U.S.A. mainly by rented self-drive car during which time I visited a number of U.S. clubs.

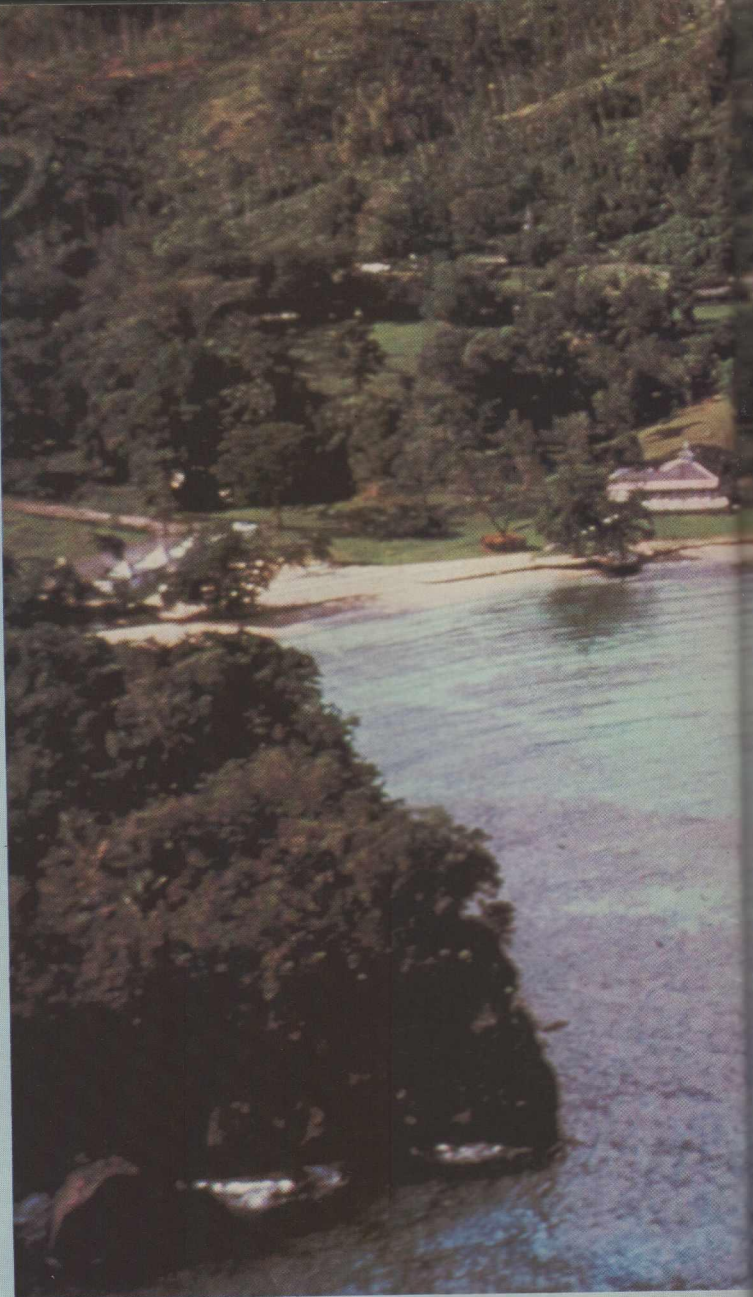
Whilst sunning in California I received an invitation from David Scales, the popular and

congenial English manager of Club Caribbean to return to Runaway Bay as his house guest, and as this would afford me the opportunity of seeing much more of Jamaica I eagerly accepted his invitation. It meant travelling from California, via Colorado back to Florida from where I was able to take the Air Jamaica flight to Montego Bay.

Arriving at Montego Bay International Airport is always a memorable experience. The airport, known as the Sir Donald Sangster International Airport, is located virtually right on the beach and almost within sight of the numerous large modern international resort hotels for which Montego Bay is famous. As I stepped down the ramp stairs from the Air Jamaica DC-9 and breathed the warm

balmy air on a late September afternoon I was immediately relaxed by the warm exotic atmosphere helped by the casual informal atmosphere of the airport. Outside the air-conditioned terminal building, I found the mini-bus of Blue Danube Tours which within an hour delivered me to David's home on the hill overlooking Runaway Bay and Club Caribbean.

Having been warmly greeted by David I couldn't wait to doff my clothes and dive into the cool inviting pool which formed his entire back garden. Lying on my back in the crystal clear water I relaxed whilst drinking a cooling rum based drink. It was good to be back—Jamaica held many pleasant memories for me as a result of my visit earlier in the year. It was almost



NATURISM IS



BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER

like coming home.

Club Caribbean is the original Jamaican naturist resort. Developed by an English hotelier Richard Salms, Club Caribbean consists of 100 individual bungalows grouped around a central hotel complex.

This provides the full range of supporting hotel and leisure facilities. All the accommodation is provided by the bungalows which are planned at the rear of a one mile long beach one third of which is devoted to, or rather reserved for, 'swimsuits optional' or naturist sunbathing and swimming. The only boundary consists of a small, not easily seen painted notice.

Club Caribbean is where Jamaican naturism started and is still the country's leading naturist resort being very popu-

lar with German and Austrian visitors and also with North Americans. In recent years Club Caribbean has been discovered by the British too and the complex is now widely marketed in both the U.K. and Europe. Weekly package tour inclusive holidays are operated from both London and Frankfurt.

Naturism is accepted and encouraged at Club Caribbean as part of the total holiday concept. There is no pressure to strip or not to strip and naturists and textile holiday-makers a few yards apart with only the notice separating them relax together with ease. Where the management know in advance or by prior request naturists are allocated the bungalows immediately on the naturist beach. You can jump

from bed straight into the sea.

All meals are taken in the central hotel, where it is usual for clothes to be worn. But the rules are sometimes forgotten during the hot tropical nights when after a busy evening in the disco the large swimming pool can be full of nude revellers cooling off after a night's dancing.

The attractive modern hotel offers every facility including bars, indoor and outdoor dining rooms, disco, shops, meeting rooms, and games rooms.

Runaway Bay is close to Ocho Rios and numerous tourist attractions particularly the Dunn's River Falls, and the Martha Brae River.

I loved every day relaxing on the clean warm sands of Club Caribbean framed by the luscious tropical vegetation.

One could lay back on one's deck-chair and count the coconuts, pineapples and banana clumps on the surrounding trees. I had promised myself this time I would see all that Jamaica had to offer in the way of naturist facilities. A fascinating feature of Club Caribbean was the sensuous, gleaming, black bodies of the local negro workmen wielding deadly-looking machettes as they hacked their way through the foliage. They were doing the gardening!

Several resorts on the north and west coasts of Jamaica offer naturist sunbathing and swimming, although none are naturist centres in the European sense of the word. They offer 'clothes optional' facilities, alongside the present 'textile' arrangements. This mix might



sound somewhat peculiar to European naturists but it seems to work because the North American tourists like their creature comforts.

This formula has been adopted alongside the original naturist beach at Club Caribbean by five principal resorts. They are Negril Beach Village, Negril Beach Club, Couples Trelawny Beach Club and the Dragon Bay Hotel. I was lucky, with David's help to be able to visit each in turn.

Coast road

My first visit was to Negril Beach Village a comparatively recent developed resort located at the extreme most westerly point of Jamaica. To reach Negril I rented a self-drive Datsun car and leaving Club Caribbean drove westwards along Jamaica's north coast back to Montego Bay and on to Negril. Although a main highway, Jamaica's north coast is still very rural in character. I often had to brake or stop in order to allow priority to grazing goats (in Jamaica there seem to be more goats than children!). I passed native women walking to market with huge baskets of newly picked fruit on their heads, others driving cattle. All were dressed in colourful cottons. I arrived at Negril well before mid-morning and was able to spend a most pleasant day before returning to Runaway Bay in the late afternoon.

Negril is rather a large resort and consists of two separate centres one at each end of a seven-mile stretch of beach of untouched silver sand. Negril Beach Village is located at the northern end whilst Negril Beach Club is at the southernmost end. Between the two is the seven-mile stretch of beach where anything goes. Most naturists stay at Negril Beach Village where I spent my day. The word 'Hedonism' has been coined—or should I say borrowed from the Greek to describe naturism at Negril—the pursuit of pleasure. At Negril informality is the way of life and is encouraged by the non-use of money. On arrival one purchases the resort's own currency—sharks' teeth—which are used to buy drinks and any particular personal requirements. Everything else is included in the costs of one's stay. Accommodation is in attractive modern two-storey buildings. All the rooms are fully air-conditioned.

At Negril, swimming and scuba diving and every form of recreation from the wild to the

relaxing is available. You can go water-ski-ing, horse riding, sailing and play tennis. But it is at night that Negril, or rather the Caribbean moon, really shines. Tales are legion of wild nights and erotic romantic goings on.

Easy going

It is true that the nightly entertainment is at the choice of the guests and it is reported that some of the wilder North Americans have introduced the most unusual and the wildest of games. The up-to-the-minute disco, set into the swimming pool, stays open until the last guests go to bed. The resort boasts its own off-shore island—'Booby Key' where picnic lunches are held daily. The Negril Beach Village has set aside a special beach and several coves for the exclusive use of naturists but with seven miles of beach to choose from naturism is now common all along the beach and nobody complains.

The Negril Beach Club at the southernmost top of the seven-mile long beach claims to be an easy going, free spirited place where one sheds the clutter and pressures of metropolitan life and floats into a natural pace set by the sun and sea, the moon and the stars. The Beach Club claims that its patrons slip out of their inhibitions as easily as they step out of their clothes. This resort too has provided a clothes optional beach.

Again accommodation is provided in air-conditioned attractive rooms in low rise buildings grouped around a central courtyard and a large pool. At Negril Beach Club the full range of supporting activities is provided. Snorkelling and even jogging and moon worship. As their brochure says —'Here is time to shed your cares and your clothes'.

I enjoyed my visit to Negril's two resorts which were like no other naturist resorts I had ever visited or even heard of. There is no doubt that they are both very popular with a large section of the North American market at which their attractions are aimed. Large numbers of young North Americans, of both sexes, in fairly equal numbers were evident during my visit and were having one 'helluva time' as they would say . . .

My next visit a few days later was to Ocho Rios on the north coast of the island a few miles to the east of Runaway Bay. Ocho Rios, a rapidly developing resort town and a favourite port



Dragon Bay, Jamaica, with its colourful parkland.



The off-shore island of the Couples Hotel. Below : they make sure you have enough to eat !



I loved to watch the gleaming black bodies of the negro workmen.

of call for cruise liners operating out of Miami, is fast becoming one of the most popular Jamaican resorts. An established hotel known as 'Couples', a name adopted for its own sophisticated form of marketing, provides naturist facilities.

As the name suggests, Couples Hotel is unique and caters only for couples (two people in love). No singles, no children, just you and your partner. From the moment you arrive, money becomes superfluous—needed only for shopping. At Couples, all meals are included and even drinks and wine together with all the activities of the hotel complex are free. On the hotel's private island (just off-shore) sunbathing can be as natural as you wish. The only restriction being tipping of the staff. This you are not allowed to do.

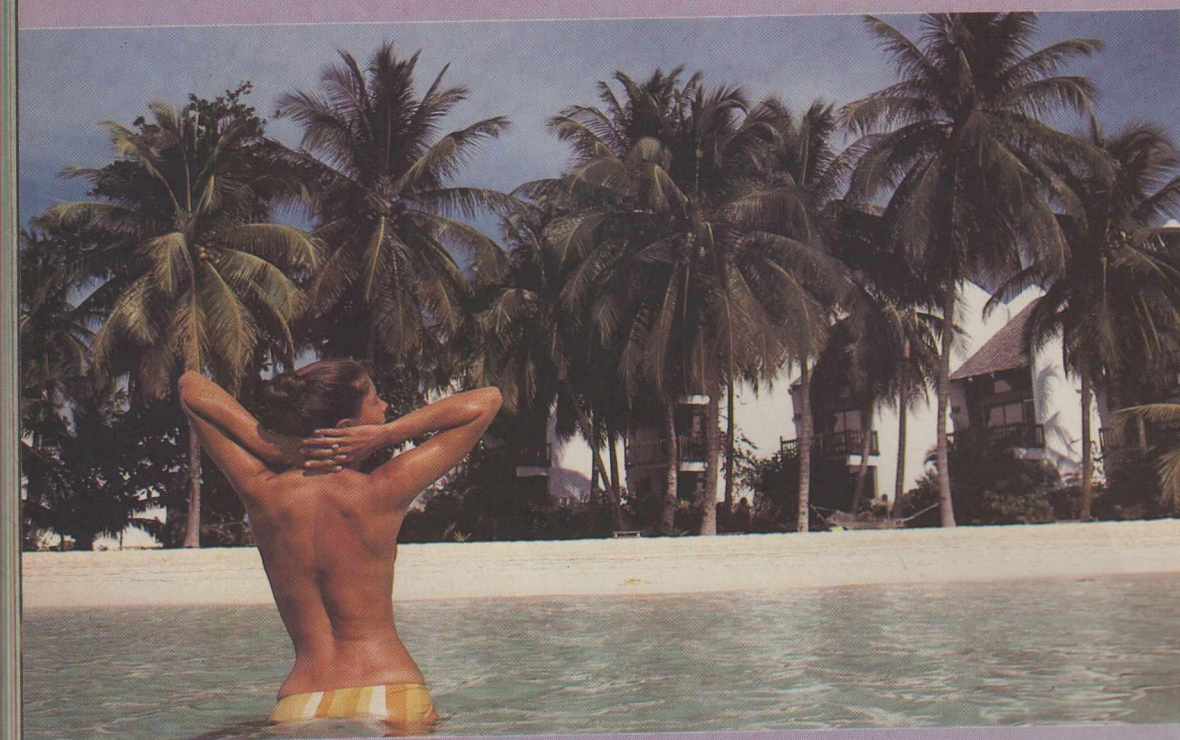
The Couples Hotel itself is a modern multi-storey building. All the rooms are air-conditioned; each suite having either a private balcony or patio.

Catering mainly for the North American market, Couples is a typical Caribbean resort hotel with clothes optional facilities. On the day of my visit the private island was humming with young North Americans sunbathing, swimming and sporting themselves *au naturel*. Once again in the same style as the two Negril resorts, naturism is accepted or rather tolerated alongside textile relaxation and no undue emphasis is placed upon it.

Attractions

The hotel is close to Ocho Rios which caters extensively for tourism. It has a large number of restaurants, discos and a whole range of tourist shopping facilities, including a large number of native craft shops and a market. Nearby attractions include the famous Dunn's River Falls, the White River and a Brimmer Hall Plantation.

Visitors must visit Dunn's River Falls, a celebrated beauty spot where waterfalls cascade over tiers of smooth but not slippery rock. The falls have been developed by the Jamaica Tourist Board. It is possible to climb the 600 ft. face of the



falls. The Brimmer Hall Plantation is a typical Jamaican working plantation growing bananas and coconuts. Guided tours are available daily in open-air Jitneys, the local name for an open-type carriage towed by a tractor through the tree-lined groves.

My penultimate visit to one of the new Jamaican naturist developments was the Trelawny Beach Club at Falmouth, again on the north coast midway between Montego Bay and Runaway Bay. The Trelawny Beach Club has coined the word 'Ecstacism' to describe its various activities, presumably to compete with the 'Hedonism' of Negril!

The Trelawny Beach Club is a beautiful, very attractive, modern, multi-storey hotel in gleaming white. It is located in a very attractive position at the rear of a large sandy beach lined with palm trees and in the centre of which there is a large open-air swimming pool.

The Trelawny Beach Club explains itself as describing 'Ecstacism' as the seventh sense, an appreciation of the joys of nature and claims that Trelawny Beach is there to provide this. All the facilities of the hotel, including tuition are free. The facilities include scuba-diving, water-ski-ing, tennis, sailing, horseback riding, plus many other sports. Trelawny Beach Club offers the pleasure of sunbathing and swimming nude from their own island just off-shore.

During my visit I was over-

awed with the sheer magnificence and opulence of it all. It is impossible to compare the naturism of Trelawny with any European naturist centre as the scale of the operation is completely different. Trelawny Beach Club is marketed primarily in North America and the majority of visitors are from the United States and Canada.

Opulence

Trelawny Beach Club offers inclusive holidays with all meals in the price. Regular features of the vacations are theme dinners, barbecues and live entertainment which allow an insight into the culture of Jamaica. Each night there is a late show held in the 'Rum Keg' nightclub where dancing continues into the early hours. Trelawny claims that people have come for two weeks and stayed for four. Perhaps it's the place or the friendliness but Trelawny is certainly unique.

Although one Jamaican beach is just like another, particularly on the north coast, Trelawny's beach of clean, silver sand backed by tropical vegetation and lapped by the blue Caribbean sea is particularly attractive. Here again the naturism is spontaneous, natural, unorganised and regretfully somewhat expensive.

Falmouth is a small market town located on the north coast of Jamaica, approximately midway between Montego Bay and Runaway Bay and is close to several





tourist attractions including Greenwood Greathouse, Rosehall Greathouse, and the Martha Bray River, which offers the opportunity to visitors of taking a ride on a bamboo raft through lush tropical vegetation.

My final visit to a Jamaican resort was to the Dragon Bay Hotel at Port Antonio on the north-eastern tip of Jamaica. How can I describe Dragon Bay which is an 'out of this world' experience—a unique concept in vacation living consisting of a 45-acre estate resort where the accommodation is provided in individual cottages each of three air-conditioned bedrooms, a sitting room, lounge with balcony, all overlooking Dragon Bay—the private bay surrounding the resort which provides glorious beaches, coves and magnificent swimming.

The entire resort, a former plantation estate, is set in magnificent parkland which is a year-round riot of flowering plants, shrubs and a most exotic collection of trees. Amongst the flowers one finds Hibiscus, Jasmine and Crotons, whilst amongst the trees are Breadfruit, Bamboo and Bay Trees.

To add to the exotic setting of this magnificent resort centre numerous aviaries contain cockatoos, macaw, mynah birds, toucan and parrots.

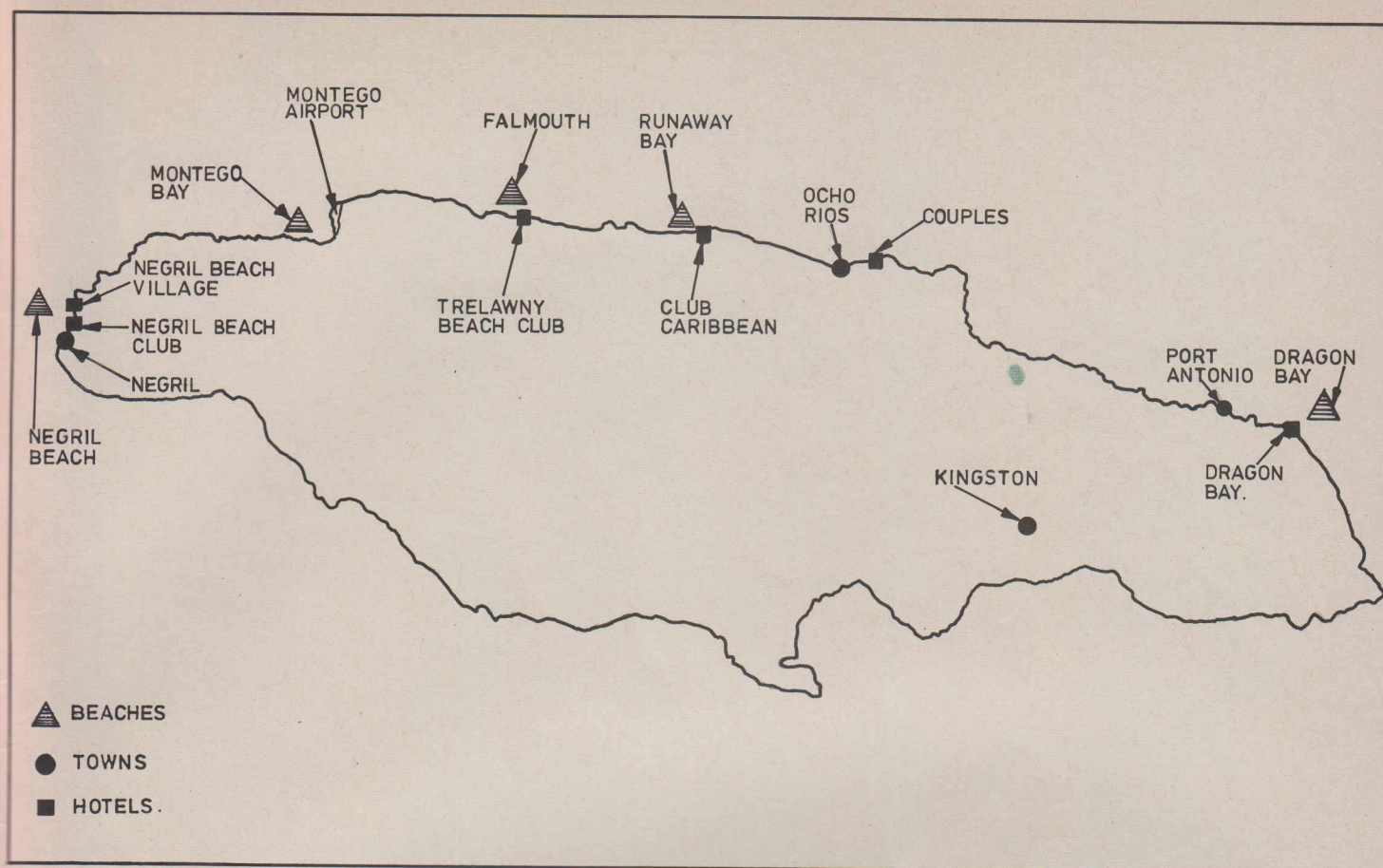
Dragon Bay is hard to describe if only because there is nothing in Europe to compare it with. It is ultra-luxurious naturism at its best and as such, seems to cater especially for millionaire Americans and wealthy Germans.

Once again at Dragon Bay naturism is accepted as a natural form of relaxation and there are no rules or regulations.

Dragon Bay is close to Port Antonio, Jamaica's main banana exporting port from which millions of bananas are shipped annually all over the world.

No fuss

I very much enjoyed my visit to the new naturist centres of Jamaica which are developing in their own way in a manner quite different from the path taken by European naturism. No big fuss is made of naturism which appears to be totally accepted as a way of life. No pressure is put upon visitors to the various hotels to participate or not to participate but one is allowed to do one's own thing completely at will. This might not be naturism as we Europeans know it but it is obviously popular with the



North American tourists who are flocking to Jamaica and its naturist resorts in ever increasing numbers. It is the same sun, a lot warmer and a lot stronger, but nowhere in Europe can offer delights to equal the warm Caribbean Sea with its multi-coloured reefs and exotic fish.

Jamaica is now a thriving, independent country still part of the British Commonwealth of nations but endeavouring to assert its own identity and develop in its own way. The Jamaican Government has in recent weeks decided as a matter of policy to support naturism officially and will be devoting considerable effort to publicising their naturist resorts.

A wide range of inclusive tour holidays are now available to U.K. and European naturists through a number of tour operators and Air Jamaica offers direct non-stop flights from Europe to Montego Bay.

It operates four non-stop super DC-8 flights weekly from London (Heathrow) Airport to Montego Bay and to Kingston. Air Jamaica operate flights direct to Montego Bay from Frankfurt-am-Main, Germany, whilst British Airways offers 747 Jumbo flights from London (Heathrow) to Kingston via Bermuda, Nassau and Freeport.

Prices

Holidays to Jamaica are not expensive especially if advantage is taken of the large num-

ber of package tours that are available. The cheapest packages available start at about £530 per head for half board on a double occupancy basis inclusive of flight, accommodation, breakfast and dinner between April and July. Prices are slightly higher in high season.

Most U.K. tourist operators offer packages to textile hotels in all parts of Jamaica at varying prices from which it is possible to make day trips to hotels with naturist beach facilities and to Negril Beach.

Lying in the tropics, Jamaica boasts a year-round temperature that rarely falls below the low 70s (F). Throughout the year, the temperature ranges from the low 70s to the high 90s; the hottest months being August and September. The island is constantly fanned by land and sea breezes. There is a little rain in May and October.

Lightweight summer clothes for men and brief light cotton dresses and casuals for women are all that is needed. Formal clothes are never seen in Jamaica.

Remember to take your favourite brands of sun tan lotions and creams as these are likely to be expensive locally. Also take simple medications that you might require as these might be difficult to obtain in the more out of the way places.

Remember to sample the 'hedonism' and 'ecstasism'!





DREAM ALONE IN THE TWILIGHT

Who can explain the fascination of being alone on a beach, naked and close to nature? It's something we all experience, but few of us can put into words. Is it the time-less quality? The richness of natural history?

Gabriella, the girl in our pictures, dreams of faraway places over the sea, and man's first adventures into science. But mostly it's the evening light across the water, and the breeze, that draws her to the beach.





TO many people a beach means holidays. If you say 'beach' to them, they have a mental picture of yellow sands covered with gaily-coloured beach umbrellas. Lots of brown bodies frolic in the water, the sun always shines, and ice-creams are for sale

But to me a beach is a place to be alone. It's a serious place, not somewhere to be enjoying yourself.

I like to look out to sea and think; what was it like for primitive man when he first stood on the shore and saw all the water? It must have been strange to him. Yet it wasn't long before he made himself a little boat, and learnt how to make the wind turn a sail, and set off to explore the land below the horizon.

Maybe sea-faring started in the South Seas. Clumps of islands there are visible one from another. Then it was just a matter of struggling to sit astride a log, which the waves then bore to an island a few metres away. But after that, how did he get back? Presumably that was when paddles were invented.

The day must have come when our native started to wonder if there were other islands further away than he could see. What a great adventure it must have been when the first dauntless native set off to explore the ocean around him!

He must have already worked out by then how the sun changed its position in the sky, so that he could navigate his return. He must have studied the stars and noted how they changed from season to season, rather than day to day. He must have known about tides and currents, reefs and undersea creatures that might attack him. Maybe he had already perfected the spear and harpoon?

I also think about the scientist Charles Darwin, when I'm walking on the beach. He sailed round the world studying natural life and it was on a beach that he came up with his brilliant thinking about evolution.

He was on an island, isolated from other islands. And the animals and birds were different. Why? Because they had evolved and changed in a new way, not like the animals on the mainland.





So in the teeth of all religious opposition, Charles Darwin came up with his ideas of evolution, natural selection and survival of the fittest. He literally changed the thinking of the whole world, because he made deductions from what he actually saw, not what he thought he saw.

I particularly like beaches in the evening. During the day the sun shines equally hard and brightly on the water and the land. The land warms up more quickly than the sea; the warm air above the sand-dunes rises;

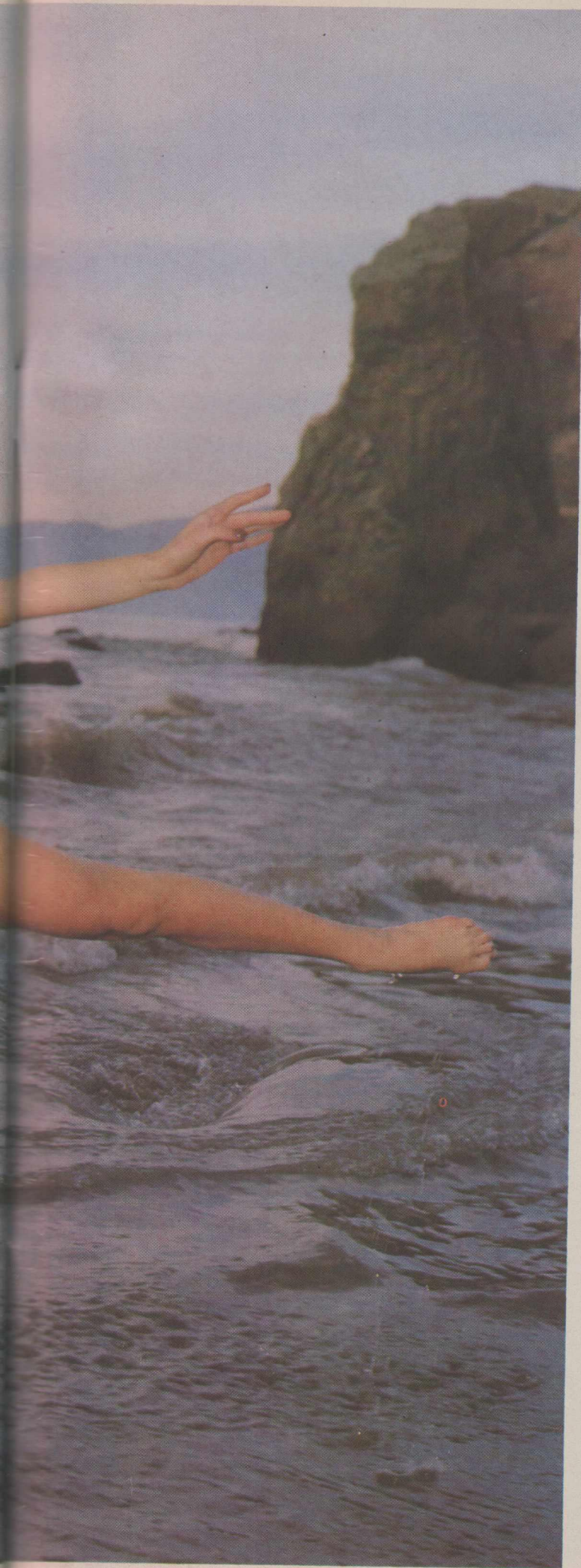
and the cold wind rushes in from the sea.

But in the evening the situation is reversed. The land cools more quickly than the sea, so the breeze shifts direction and floats out to sea.

Sometimes, in the late afternoon, there's a period of calm as the air pressure above the land and the sea is equal. That's a wonderful peaceful time, so still and quiet.

I like to swim then. The sun-warmed water flows alongside my body. My head is





just level with the water, and if the sun is setting, I can see the pink of the sky reflected in the water.

These pictures of me were taken on the beach at dusk. I acted the part with great panache—the part of a cheerful, happy-go-lucky naturist, doing my dance exercises on the beach, and smiling cheerfully for the camera. But later I asked to be left alone. I wanted to release the introverted, sensitive part of my nature.

I watched it get dark, a velvet blue darkness, until just a faint strip of light lingered

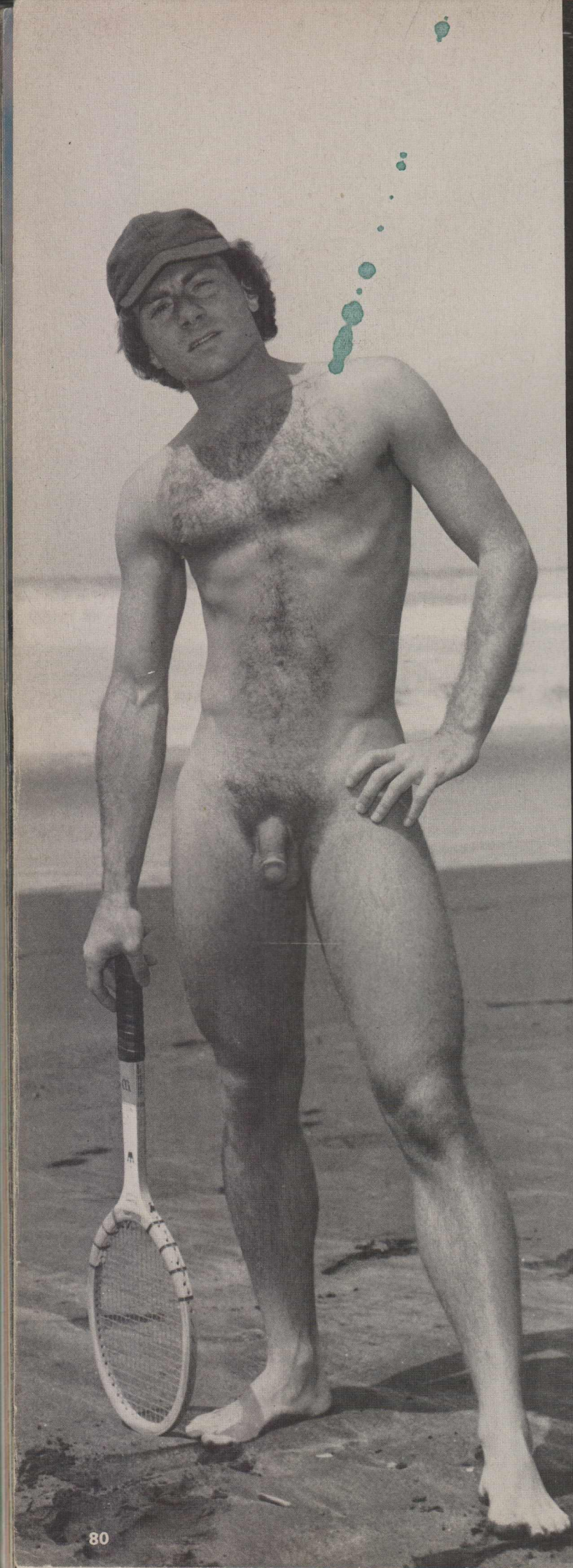
above the horizon in the west. Lastly, there was a pearly glimmer in the sky, fading slowly and gracefully as the evening lengthened.

Then the moon rose and made a shimmering path across the sea. I came out of the water then, and rubbed my naked body down with a rough towel. That familiar physical glow of elation started to spread through me.

I listened for a while to the gentle lap-lap of waves on the shore. Then it was time to leave.

I turned inland to the darkness.





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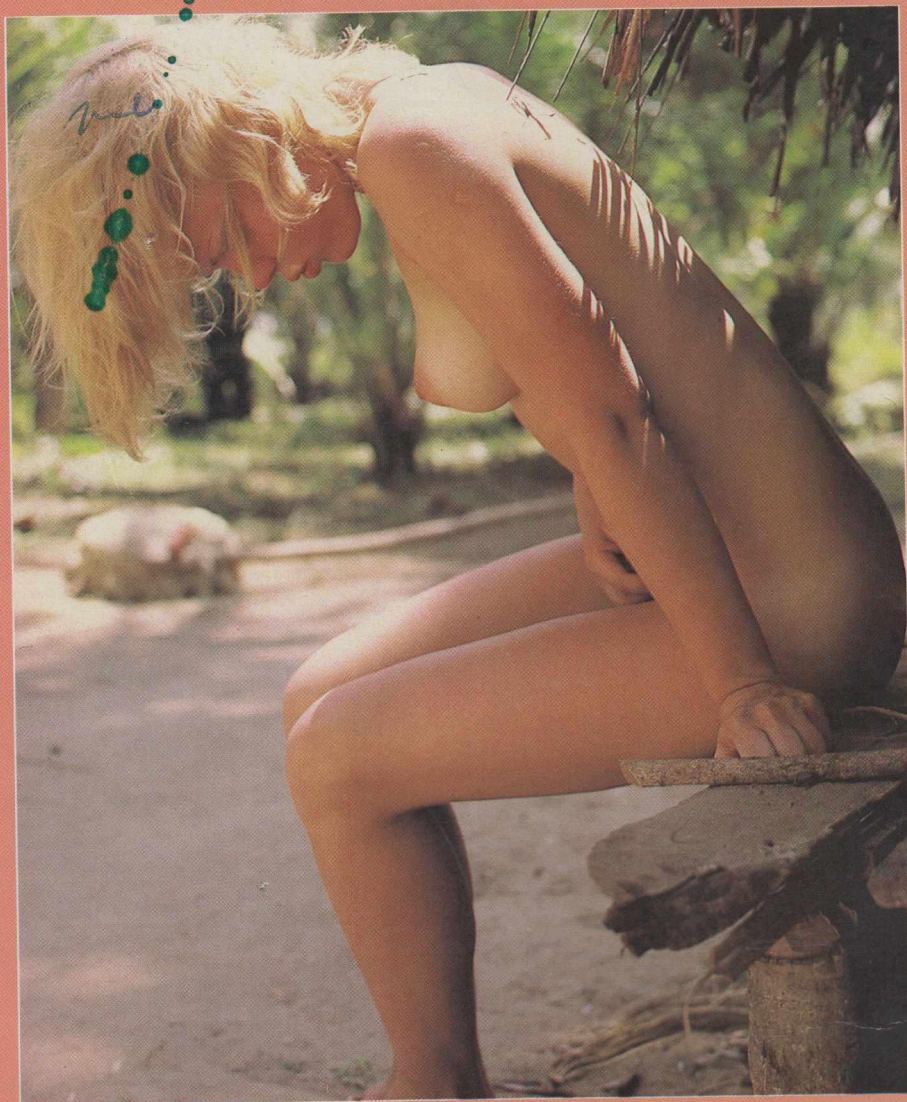
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